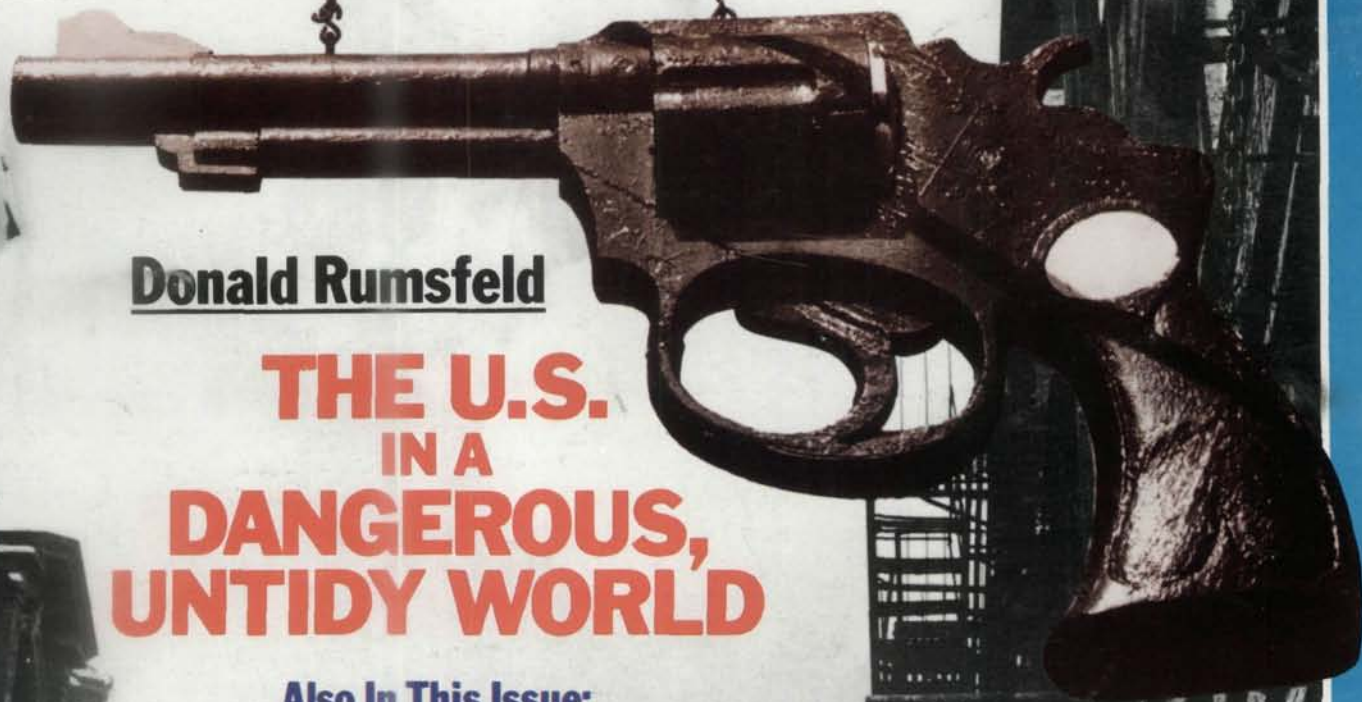


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CURIOUS CASE
REP. RICHARD KELLY
— page 772

JUNE 27, 1980

NATIONAL REVIEW

ROY E SMITH
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Donald Rumsfeld

THE U.S. IN A DANGEROUS, UNTIDY WORLD

Also In This Issue:

Joseph Sobran on the Electronic Church ♦ Donald Coxé
on the Quebec Vote ♦ A Soviet Speaker Visits U. Va.
Also: John Lukacs, Herbert A. Kenny, D. Keith Mano



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This house is located in a worn-down neighborhood in an American city. The neighborhood is not completely gone, but it's hurting.

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PEOPLE MAKE VALUE

Many people feel they'd miss something by living in the suburbs. The city offers diversity, history, culture and convenience. Urban public transportation means freedom from the automobile. Many city houses have character and architectural interest. And since more people still choose the suburbs, housing in the city can be a good buy.

PEOPLE MAKE A MARKET

If people want housing in the city, there can be a housing market in the city. Lenders of mortgage money, recognizing this change, can see that this house is worth a lot to someone. When it is rehabilitated, it will be worth a \$60,000 mortgage. We can see it now.

We're Fannie Mae, the Federal National Mortgage Association. We are a shareholder-owned, profit-making corporation, with a specific purpose. Our job is to help meet people's housing finance needs. We don't make loans, but by buying mortgages from local lenders who do, we replenish the lenders' supply of funds so they can grant more mortgages.

In addition to our regular mortgage purchase activities, we have set up a series of special programs that use our position in the home finance market to encourage more mortgage lending in urban areas.

FANNIE MAE'S REHABILITATION LOAN PROGRAM

Under our rehabilitation loan program, a lender would be able to grant a \$60,000 mortgage on a house like this, even though in its present condition it may have a market value of only \$35,000. Its value, when rehabilitated according to approved, detailed plans, would be about \$63,200. A lender taking advantage of this program could grant a mortgage based on the completed value of the house, rather than on its present value. The buyer who is qualified for a 95%, 30-year conventional mortgage would be required to put 5% down and would receive \$60,000 as a mortgage loan—95% of the house's completed value. \$35,000 would go directly to the seller of the house, and the rest would be placed in an escrow account administered by the lender, to pay for the rehabilitation.

Home buyers used to have to go out and persuade someone to give them a construction loan for the rehab work, with separate transaction costs, a short-term payback and a higher interest rate. Now they don't have to.

GETTING THE WORD OUT

If no one knows about our programs, they won't do much good. Fannie Mae people from each of our five regional offices go out into the cities and tell lenders what kinds of mortgages we will buy.

We also try to convince them of what we already know—that making urban loans is good business for us, for lenders and for the community. People want urban homes, and Fannie Mae believes that properly underwritten urban mortgages carry no more risk than those on suburban properties.

LOCAL PARTNERSHIPS

We work with community groups, local governments and local lenders to get neighborhoods turned around. It's already working in neighborhoods in such cities as Memphis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Toledo, Seattle, and Dallas.

The city government has to be involved, because a neighborhood will not improve unless essential services are maintained or re-established. Building codes have to be applied sensitively to rehabilitated structures.

And there must be a lender committed to lending mortgage money. Community groups have often seen lenders as unapproachable. They're not. Fannie Mae is in a good position, with its ongoing relationship with many lenders, to bring them into the partnership.

But most important, people in the community must make a commitment to preserving and improving their neighborhood.

People want to live in cities. That means there is economic life to be brought back into cities as well. It is people who make this house worth a \$60,000 mortgage. All our complicated real estate and financial transactions are, simply, a response to what people want.

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FANNIE MAE America's Mortgage Resource



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Cover Story

775 The U.S. in a Dangerous, Untidy World

Jimmy Carter was right—though probably for the wrong reasons—when he said we were in the most perilous period since World War II. Incremental Soviet gains may at last be about to tip the global balance decisively, making our virtues mere weaknesses. Meanwhile, our President continues to push for SALT II and effective defense cuts. What's to be done?

Donald Rumsfeld

Articles & Columns

772 The Curious Case of Richard Kelly

They all laughed when the congressman from Disneyworld said he was only conducting his own inquiry when he accepted Abscam money. A closer look suggests he just might be telling the truth.

Neal B. Freeman

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Who's to blame for the dissolution of the Alliance?

Brian Crozier

784 After the Referendum: Canada's New Headaches

Quebec voted a decisive No on Separation—but French Quebec divided evenly on the question.

Donald Coxe

785 Selling the Brooklyn Bridge

Soviet UN official Vladimir Shustov spoke recently at the University of Virginia on "International Security: The Soviet Viewpoint." The audience was as polite as could be for as long as it could keep a straight face—but there are limits to everything.

Joseph A. Rehyansky

788 Our Growing Illiteracy

"To abuse language," concludes a new book on the state of our language, "is to abuse the very idea of being human."

Russell Kirk

Books Arts & Manners

789 Peter Witonski hails Robert Nisbet's unfashionable paean to Progress (rightly understood). . . . NR's book editor Chilton Williamson has written *Saltbound: A Block Island Winter*. Herbert A. Kenny is enchanted. . . . Jonathan Raban's *Arabia* joins the list of great English travel books, says John Lukacs. . . . Joseph Sobran tunes in on TV evangelist Jerry Falwell. . . . Nika Hazelton appreciates those who appreciate wines. . . . Dentistry is falling into decay, laments D. Keith Mano. . . . Stanley Kubrick's new horror flick is just horrible, growls John Simon.

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas



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New survey reveals . . .

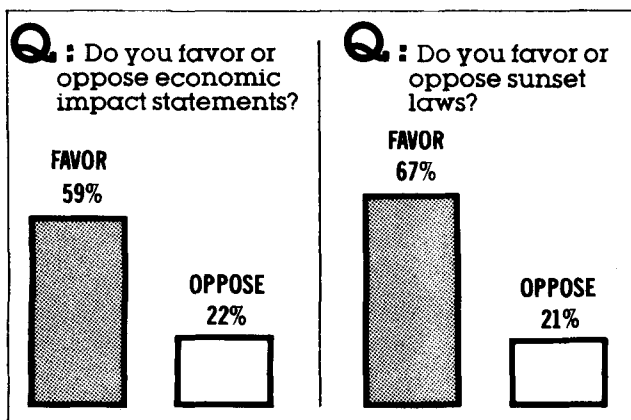
Americans support measures to bring government regulation under control.

In a new public attitude survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates, Americans support economic impact statements to help assess the costs and benefits of government actions. And since they believe government continues some programs which are no longer useful, Americans also support the concept of "sunset laws" to cut outmoded or inefficient programs.

economic. So Americans are clearly looking for a balance between economic and environmental goals.

In view of the deepening recession and continuing inflation, economic issues clearly lead the list of the public's concerns. The survey leaves no doubt that Americans see business as a leading generator of the economic growth they want restored. And it shows that they want government to do more to help business grow and create new jobs.

The survey suggests that a comprehensive review of the effects of government's regulatory policies on economic growth would gain broad public support. Americans are ready to phase out programs they don't consider worthwhile — and to seek the most cost-effective approaches to those that they support.



Source: October, 1979 national probability sample, by telephone, of 1,000 adults. Survey conducted for Union Carbide by Roger Seasonwein Associates.

This is not to suggest that Americans have abandoned all desire for government regulation. To the contrary, the survey shows strong support for regulations to improve the environment and reduce health risks, and for *environmental* impact statements as well as

How to get a copy of the complete growth survey:

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Dividends of Appeasement

Karl Gruber's essay ["The Dollar as Victim of Detente," June 13] makes a valuable, nay vital, point: declining confidence in the U.S. dollar is a reflection of declining confidence in this country as an effective check to Soviet expansionism. Our policy of detente (read: appeasement) has convinced foreign investors that a Swiss bank account is more secure than one in this country. This statement, coming from a former foreign minister of Austria, carries authority.

Michael Kent

Rahway, N.J.

No Such Thing as a Free Gymnasium

Erik Kuehnelt-Leddihn misses the main point in his column ["Down with Elitist Education," May 30]. German (as well as French) schooling provides an excellent example of socialization causing the poor to pay for the rich. *Gymnasias* remain "financially accessible to all" only because 80 per cent of the population is expected to start work after four years of secondary education in order to be able to finance the top 20 per cent who will study a full nine years for free.

Tempests in this misshapen teacup will continue indefinitely for, like your contributor, almost all Europeans seem to take completely for granted the premise that those who qualify should study tuition-free.

Richard Hartman

Crawfordsville, Ind.

OPEC's American Friends

I have read Mr. Coyne's scholarly discussion of the perfidious actions of federal officials in curtailing highly desirable oil and gas development in Alaska with interest and appreciation ["Locking Up the Last Frontier," May 30].

As a petroleum geologist, with considerable experience in Alaska and in the Arctic regions of the Dominion of Canada, I wish to concur and support Mr. Coyne's conclusions about the promising possibilities for the development of substantial reserves of oil and gas in the North Slope of Alaska east of the Prudhoe Bay field. Prudhoe Bay, as he states, was the largest oil and gas field ever to be discovered in the United States, at the time of its discovery in 1968. Prior to that time oil and gas production in Alaska had been confined to the southern part of the state, and the prospects for the entire North Slope were just as undefined as they are in the vast area that has been withdrawn east of Prudhoe Bay.

Mr. Coyne, very properly, could have elaborated on the incredible bureaucratic bungling which delayed the completion of the Alyeska pipe line from Prudhoe Bay to Valdes and so increased its cost substantially. This delay took place at a time when it was obvious to informed people that the Arab nations intended to decrease oil production and increase prices. If federal officials had acted promptly, the immediate availability of over one million barrels per day of Alaska crude oil would have gone a long way to supplement the desperately needed domestic supply.

The entire attitude of the inept and ineffective Administration has been to penalize the efficiency and resourcefulness of American oil companies. These are the companies, along with British and Dutch interests, that discovered every barrel of oil that has been found in Arabia and Africa.

Paul D. Torrey

Austin, Tex.

Influence Back-Peddling

"For the Record" [April 4] said John Connally influenced me to not publicly support Ford for the Republican nomination.

That's not true. I did not tell John I was thinking of coming out for Ford and I did not ask him for advice on the subject. In fact, three days before the talk with John, during which he supposedly influenced me not to endorse Ford, I told President Ford I believed he should stay out of the race because it would be so divisive and further he—Ford—had no way of getting any delegate votes in Texas.

William P. Clements Jr.

Governor of Texas

Austin, Tex.

MacArthur's Return

"Korea . . . Truman opts for stalemate instead of the victory . . . within MacArthur's grasp." What can Brian Crozier ["Steadfast Allies," April 4] be thinking of? Does he know something that the rest of us don't?

Charles Burton Marshall

Washington, D.C.

Professor Marshall asks if I know something he doesn't know about the Korean War. He raises an interesting point of epistemology. As I don't know what he knows or doesn't know, I don't know whether I know something he doesn't know or not. I suspect not, as I was just thinking of MacArthur's well-known plan to win the war by striking at the source of Chinese military power beyond the Yalu River. At the

me, I thought Truman was right to turn down; now I no longer do. Professor Marshall may well think otherwise. The debate will never end, as we are talking about something that never happened.

Brian Crozier

Christians and Politics

Thank you for the excellent piece by

Michael Novak, "The Failure of Christian Politics" [NR, May 16]. As an evangelical Christian myself, I have long deplored the misapplication of Biblical principles to our foreign and domestic policies.

A related, out-of-context idea of Scriptural teaching is the facile notion among some evangelicals that since God desires social justice for the poor (presumably,

injustice for the wealthy is acceptable to Him), Christians should support paternalistic government "social action." Supposedly, Christ would favor the welfare state and censure capitalist democracy. When will Christians wake up and realize that individual freedom—incompatible with socialism—is a Biblical value also?

N. J. Bishop
Chatsworth, Calif.



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I must take exception to the analysis (but not the intent) of Michael Novak's "The Failure of Christian Politics."

Mr. Novak's four "operating principles of 'Christian politics'" are precisely the operating principles of liberal foreign policy over the past couple of decades (and more). Carter's foreign policy is *not* Christian, but is rather the same old secular humanism dressed up in "Christian" posturings.

Despite what Ham Jördan thinks is a rebellion against the Eastern Establishment, "this Administration" is, like many Eastern Establishment churches, practicing a Christianity that is far from the real thing.

True, Jimmy Carter sometimes *preaches* a good line, but he has done very little to give practical effect to his stated dislike for anti-Christian things, such as Soviet world hegemony. Christ said, "Not everyone who saith unto me 'Lord, Lord,' shall

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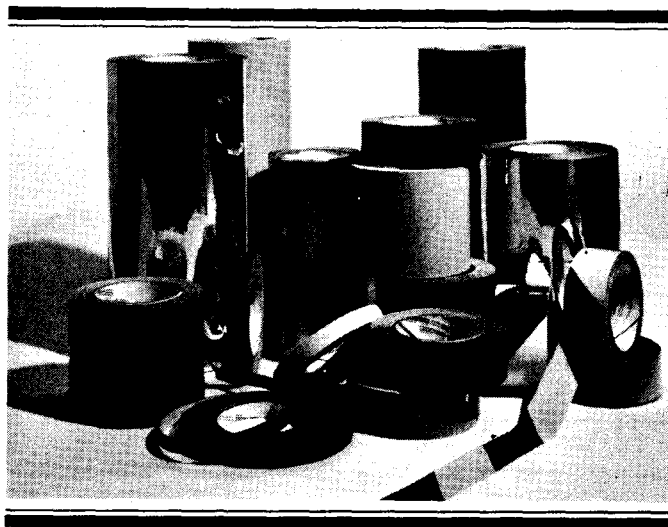
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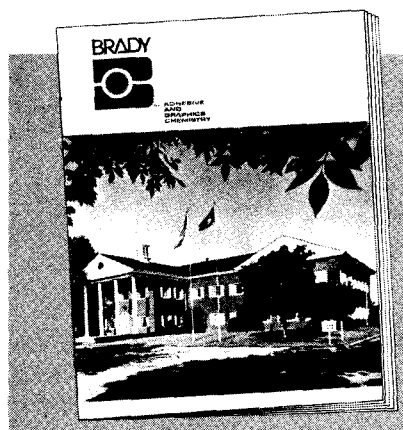
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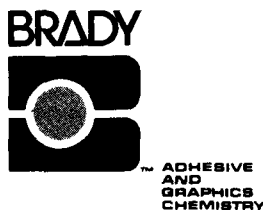
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enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Samuel G. Dargar
Florence, S.C.

The Hoi Truth

Insufficiently detoxified, one of your house classicists ["Letters," May 30] let slip a reference to "the hoi polloi," forgetting, evidently, that *hoi* means "the." Let *NR* leave glossolalia to the twice-born.

Hugh Kenner
Baltimore, Md.

We know, we know. You missed the hoi point.
—JS

Simon the Fashionable?

John Simon, in his inimitable way, has completely misunderstood the recent Hellman-McCarthy contretemps ["Literary Lionesses," May 16], attempting by some curious reasoning to turn it into his favorite sport: a highbrow v. middlebrow cultural clash. Though the matter appears to be a clear-cut case of personality and politics, Simon for some reason wants to push Stalinism and the blacklist into a corner, while he dissects Hellman and her (horror of horrors!) middlebrow tendencies.

He seems to assume that because most of his beloved highbrows have come to the side of Lady McCarthy her cause is good and just. The fact that neither woman is a significant writer whose work will endure, but rather are literary celebrities, eludes him. Forgetting that Hellman's works were always broad in concept, designed as morality plays to reach the widest popular audience, Simon implies she really wanted to write satire. He, of course, forgets that Hellman never wrote anything as commercial as *The Group* (not exactly penned with the *Partisan Review* group in mind) and that McCarthy's last two novels, dealing with students in Paris and terrorists, were shamelessly pitched to the best-seller lists. Of course, these are mere trifles to Simon's contention that Hellman secretly lusted after Edmund Wilson.

Simon's pontificating about the evil that over-praised mediocrity does to art might make some sense if it were directed at heavyweight culprits like Barth, Irving, Mailer, and Percy, but it makes no sense in regard to Hellman's oeuvre. Hellman's plays have never been considered more than well-written melodramas and her recent cult status, as a woman of courage, has more to do with Watergate backlash than literature. So why Simon's venom over something that has as much substance as the Mailer-Vidal pillow fight? Could it be that under the guise of defending art, he's trying to make fashionable political points?

Dan O'Neill
Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR THE RECORD

■ So far so good. In early June, **Evans & Novak** say if elections were held today **Reagan** would get 326 electoral votes to 212 for **Carter**, zero for **Anderson**. . . . The *Christian Science Monitor's* top man in Washington, **Godfrey Sperling Jr.**, wonders whether Carter is wise in debating Reagan. Sperling says Reagan showed up very well in debates with two masters, **Robert Kennedy** and **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** (Panama Canal), thinks Carter may "rue the day" he agreed. . . . Carter still heads Reagan, if narrowly, in most polls, but when **Gallup** asked about Democratic alternatives the answer was: Reagan, 48 to 39 per cent over **Fritz Mondale** and 52 to 37 per cent over **Teddy Kennedy**. . . . **Gerald Ford's** endorsement of Reagan has done much to appease moderate wing of party. . . . Last week, Rep. **Barber Conable** (N.Y.) and 22 other congressmen who had backed **George Bush** switched to Reagan and immediately urged Reagan to pick Bush as his running-mate. . . . **Alan Baron**, writing from the liberal Democratic angle, believes Bush is first among probable VP candidates, Ford second (he probably wouldn't accept), and **Howard Baker** third (but that would mean a fight with New Right-Right to Life forces). Says Baron: if Rep. **Jack Kemp**, Sen. **Richard Lugar**, or former Treasury Secretary **Bill Simon** gets it, it will mean "the New Right has veto power in the Reagan campaign."

■ Major worry for Carterites: will **Raymond Harding**, the ambitious new leader of New York's dwindling **Liberal Party**, throw his party's support to **John Anderson**? If that happens, say Washington insiders, New York could go to Reagan and so could the nation. . . . Look for Carter to move sharply Left in an attempt to win back the groups he must have to win: blacks and



Jon, *London Daily Mail*

Rothco

"The PM is busy catching up on international affairs watching an old Ronald Reagan movie."

Hispanics, organized labor, the welfare constituency, and, at the other end of the economic scale, middle-class liberals and the Jews. . . . Not much chance that Carter will make the November 4 election a referendum between detente and the renewed cold war, as Sen. **George McGovern** is urging. McGovern, Sec. and ex-Sec. of State **Muskie** and **Vance**, and others are trying to bring up **SALT II** in the Senate again, but Majority Leader **Robert Byrd**, a man who knows where the votes are, says not a chance in this session.

■ Some primary after-thoughts: **Richard Scammon** of the Elections Research Center says the big complaints about the primaries come from a) losers and, b) pundits and intellectuals "who think the real choice should be made at the Harvard faculty club dining table." . . . **David Broder**, in a series of columns on

the primary system, comes out in favor of the Rep. **Morris Udall** (D., Ariz.) solution: that the national parties agree to accept only those delegates chosen on the first Tuesdays of March, April, May, and June. . . . **Joe Beeman**, who ran **Jerry Brown's** Washington lobbying operation, bowed out with the following epitaph on the campaign: "The assumption that you can go to the holistic health groups, followers of the swami, and no-nukes and put together a majority of voters is just fallacious." . . . Former California Gov. **Pat Brown** (Jerry's pop) has come out for Carter: "There is one Brown in this state who knows where he is going and what he is for." . . . George Bush in farewell note to the "mournful pundits" who covered him on the campaign trail told them, "nobody said it would be easy—and nobody was right."

■ Bravo for **Liechtenstein**: It has destroyed its special Olympic stamp issue in protest against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and may, as a result, suffer its first deficit in years. . . . **Soviet students** in Moscow and other Olympic cities will get an extra month of vacation this year—so that their dormitories can be readied for Olympic visitors. . . . The Communist *Daily World* is advertising for U.S. Olympic visitors: no worry about space or tickets to the show. . . . Having seen two other companies go broke on the sale of **Misha**, the Olympic bear Mascot, **R. Dakin & Co** has replaced the five Olympic loops on its Misha with a U.S. hockey player T-shirt. . . . And the first **Moscow Olympics** of the year are over (Moscow, Tenn.) with **Dorothy Wade** the gold medalist in the cast-iron skillet event. She tossed hers 71 feet 11 inches. "Easy," she says, "I just get my husband to run out in front of me and throw the skillet at him."

THE WEEK

■ The Ayatollah Khomeini has announced that the nation he rules is in a state of "chaos." He was then brought before a Revolutionary Court, where he presided as judge, and sentenced himself to execution.

■ General Motors, in its 1980 *Public Interest Report*, calculates the cost of complying with federal regulations. For 1979 the figures were \$512 million for auto safety compliance, \$601 million for emission control, \$21 million for noise control, \$211 million for air pollution control, \$114 million for water pollution control, \$88 million for solid waste control, \$104 million for OSHA compliance, and \$292 million for administrative costs and filing government reports. Average yearly cost, 1974 to 1979, of compliance with governmental regulation was \$1.3 billion. The total in 1979 was \$1.9 billion. That's about \$400 per car, if you look at it from the consumer's standpoint. From the investor's standpoint: earnings in 1979 of about \$10 per share, cost of federal restrictions \$6 per share.

■ Congress is working on legislation to deregulate the trucking industry, to allow new firms to enter the field, and to promote competition, lower rates, and greater efficiency (which is what happens when the government removes its own controls). Who says it's the "death knell" for the industry? Who's down in Washington raising hell about it? Frank Fitzsimmons, head of the Teamsters Union.

■ The emerging political consciousness and power on the part of conservative Christians, mostly of Catholic or evangelical backgrounds, may well be the most

important political event in recent history. At first Catholics and evangelicals came together on what have been called New Right issues: abortion, divorce, private education and prayer in schools, ERA, and homosexuality. But these conservative Christians have now articulated positions on foreign policy and the economy. There are now two registered lobbies of evangelical origin: Moral Majority, headed by the prominent electronic preacher Jerry Falwell [see Joseph Sobran, p. 793], and Christian Voice, whose legislative director Gary Jarmin has a background in the American Conservative Union. The evangelicals, who voted for Carter in 1976 on the assumption that his "born-again" Christianity would lead him to do good, have wised-up and are now turning *en masse* to Ronald Reagan. And when you consider that there are over 50 million conservative Christians of voting age (a figure itself conservative), that's clout.

■ When he was the directing spirit in South Africa's Bureau for State Security, General Hendrik Van Den Bergh used to explain to visitors the basis for his security establishment's success in preventing acts of terror and sabotage by the country's proscribed and conspiratorial black revolutionary movements. Their ranks had been penetrated by government informants, and so the police usually had advance notice about their plans. What is portentous about the recent simultaneous attacks against three installations of the country's elaborate synthetic fuel system is precisely the complete degree of surprise attained. The damage done was serious but not determinative. None of the plants affected had to suspend operations. Evidently, however, the system of surveillance has lost some of its depth and bite, and saboteurs have grown more cagey. More such ventures, with greater destructive effects, may be expected.

■ *Air Force*, the official publication of the U.S. Air Force Association, reports in its most recent issue that "hard evidence exists that the Soviet Union has deliberately and blatantly violated" both the 1925 Geneva Protocol and the 1972 Convention (signed by the U.S., Britain, and the Soviet Union), outlawing chemical warfare research. In April of 1979, hundreds of cases of pulmonary anthrax were reported in the Siberian city of Sverdlovsk—an area long suspected of being a center of biological warfare research, and which, along with several other Soviet regions also under suspicion, is off limits to non-Soviet citizens. This information, *Air Force* contends, which dovetails with reports of Soviet "nerve gas" attacks on Afghan guerrillas, has been kept classified to help ensure Senate ratification of SALT II.

Danger: U.S. Savings Bonds

The "little guy" is getting smart.
Since World War II he did his part
And bought them, monthly, with his pay
For college or a rainy day.
It's hard to kick it once you're hooked
Until you see you're being rooked.
Today, he's in a money fund.
The folks at Treasury are stunned.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ In spite of diplomatic talk about neutrality for

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

With the very force of incantation we hear it said these days that 1980 is not 1964 and that Ronald Reagan is not Barry Goldwater. The formulation is designed to tranquilize conservatives—and in other rhetorical circumstances to energize liberals—and the preliminary evidence suggests that it is succeeding on both fronts. Conservative activists here are already drawing up lists of attractive jobs, with priorities all properly ordered from “visibility” on through “post-Administration career growth” and down the line to “proximity to The Man.” It’s a very orderly process, no pushing, no shoving. The political veterans have been through this drill before, and they know that the job candidate who surfaces in the spring is up Excrement Creek by autumn. What is required just now, the pros assume, is careful preparation for the bold stroke later.

Well, we wonder. If there is one political year that 1980 has most resembled these last few weeks it would have to be 1964. There is this business of party unity, you see. The official wisdom is that, with Bush out of the way, Reagan has congealed the party as rarely before. Consider the tintinnabulation of the phrase: *even Jacob Javits is supporting Reagan*. Cue the fife-and-drum corps! True enough, the troubled Javits has only one role to play in this year’s political drama, a character part as The Party Regular. A lifelong study of his

career pattern suggests that when the facts are clearly revealed to the Senator he will analyze them carefully and then grovel before the inevitable. But if one averts one’s eyes from the glory of the trees to the ominous shadows of the forest, one sees such lurking phenomena as a) the New Right, and b) John Anderson.

The New Right single-issue people mutter that their patience with Ronald Reagan is approaching the point of exhaustion. (The lodge oath requires them to swear off use of the descriptive, “asymptotically,” a code word employed by known Bilderbergers.) If he does not do this or do that—and do it abrasively—they will withdraw their support. For some on the New Right, the issue is the tax-cut movement, for others abortion, for still others an inch-thick stack of constitutional amendments. For many, the litmus test will be Reagan’s selection as Vice President. That man must be righter than right. Whatever the particular issue, though, it is for this group or that the *single* issue of overriding importance.

There is nothing so bracing as the uncompromising political challenge. It reminds us that there are still men and women of principle devoted to public life. As we reflect on this pleasant notion, however, we are reminded of something else, namely, of who exactly are these people who are threatening to withdraw their support from Ronald Reagan. They are, in the main, the same people who have been flogging him

these last two years with every available whip. First they were for Jesse Helms and when he said “no thanks” they moved over to Phil Crane and when he came up short they moved on to John Connally and when he began to fade they sidled over to Al Haig and when he politely declined . . . they threatened to withdraw their support from Reagan.

Then there is John Anderson. Granted, he is not a Nelson Rockefeller, or even a William Scranton. He is not trying to undercut the nominee of his party. He is trying to *supplant* the nominee of his party. This became clear to us when we caught his road act earlier this spring. Despite what you read in the megapapers of New York and Washington, he is not running as the rich man’s Barry Commoner. He does not come on like the ambassador from Woodstock. While it cannot be gainsaid that Keke is kooky, John is the very picture of respectable Republicanism. The vibes, man, are like culturally conservative. This is a public figure, remember, who until *very recently* considered the separation of church and state to be unwise public policy. Comes now the report that Anderson has forgone the search for a Moynihan-type Democrat, and the concomitant leak that he is prepared to go with an Ed Brooke-type Republican as his running-mate. Brooke is a lifelong Republican, a very partisan Republican, as his former associate Charles W. Colson has confirmed.

What it adds up to is party unity problems.
—CATO

Afghanistan, the Bear is taking up permanent residence. A recent CIA study reports that Soviet officials have filled every cabinet post but the Foreign Ministry (no sense going too far), drafted a new constitution, introduced Marxist textbooks into the schools, and installed Soviet officials as editors of Afghan newspapers. Construction of permanent fuel and ammunition storage facilities as well as military headquarters is in full swing. The CIA report also concludes that the Soviets have waged this war in part to test untried weapons in a combat environment. But the results of this are far from satisfying. Soviet motorized rifle divisions, developed for use in the European theater or China, have found their new hardware of little use against guerrillas at home in mountainous terrain. This fact plus the rugged Moslem spirit of the Afghans appears to promise a protracted conflict.

■ Little reported in the States was a recent victory for the West—at Yalta. The luxury liner *Queen Elizabeth II* had anchored off Yalta in the Black Sea in preparation for a day’s jaunt ashore for seven hundred passengers. Lo, the Russians abruptly changed the rules, insisting that nobody would be allowed ashore without a visa. This in apparent reprisal for the Olympic boycott. The purpose was to harass the passengers (many of whom were American) rather than prevent them, after due inconvenience and haggling, from dropping in: Russian money-changers were aboard taking pounds and dollars for rubles. But Captain Bob Arnott isn’t the type to go through life on all fours. He ran the money-changers off, pulled up anchor, and sailed away from the flustered and flabbergasted Russians. When he arrived at dinner that night the passengers gave him a standing ovation.

■ Mr. Ted Manos, of Atlantic City, New Jersey is a history teacher in the local high school, so perhaps he knows that anti-German sentiment during World War I got so out of hand that Englishmen took Goethe off their shelves and gave away their dachshunds. Nevertheless, Mr. Manos circulated a petition opposing the selection of an Iranian student (fifth in her class, straight As) to give the commencement address. "They're holding our citizens hostage," Manos explained, "and we turn around and honor one of their nationals." Faulty premise, faulty conclusion. That the Mad Ayatollah continues to keep our diplomats imprisoned is outrageous. The corresponding American outrage is not that high schools should honor duly chosen students, but that President Carter has been unable to think of a coherent response. Back to your teacher's manual, Manos.

■ Leonard Bernstein, addressing the commencement throng at Johns Hopkins, said, "Let's dare to be simplistic," and went on to call for immediate, complete, unilateral disarmament of the United States. It would be, says the musician, "the most courageous single act in history . . . this unprecedented act of strength and heroism . . . the noblest of sacrifices—far nobler, surely, than sacrificing one's children on the fields of Armageddon." He foresees that the peace-loving peoples of the USSR will "displace their warlike leaders, and transform the USSR into a truly democratic union," whereupon life all over the planet will be "rich, beautiful, clean, sexy, thoughtful, inventive, healthful, fun!" It sounds like a Polish joke; but the old boy forgot the punch line.

■ So combat ready are the Pentagon's dining facilities that it costs them \$13.53 to make a grilled cheese sandwich.

The Three-Way Race

I. Reagan

Ronald Reagan now has a large opportunity. It is qualified only by tactical problems which ought to be manageable. As Reagan looks out across the country from Pacific Palisades, he sees that very few states are unwinnable—perhaps only Georgia, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia. All the rest is, potentially his—a victory on the scale of Nixon's 1972 landslide. True enough, Reagan lost Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Michigan to George Bush; but he need not rule out those states in the general election, especially in a three-way race. Almost everywhere else, it looks like the happy hunting ground.



Reagan can reasonably expect to carry California, Texas, much or most of the South, including Florida, plus the Rocky Mountain states. New England ought to be his north of Massachusetts. He should take Nebraska, and the Dakotas, Ohio, and Indiana without much trouble. He will be strong in the farm belt. He has a good shot in Michigan and Illinois. In a three-way race in New York, where Anderson is strong downstate, Reagan has a chance to sweep all the electoral votes. He should win in Virginia. He has a chance even in New Jersey.

Reagan has also made rapid progress toward party unity, i.e., toward bringing the Ford wing of the party into the campaign and into a Reagan Administration. In recent statements, Ford has been upbeat about his discussions with Reagan. The Vice Presidency, the possible role of Henry Kissinger, and other matters will be important here.

II. Anderson

Historians and antiquarians will find a certain charm in John Anderson's campaign strategy. It goes all the way back to 1860 and Abraham Lincoln's narrow win in a three-way race. Reversing Republican strategy of recent years, Anderson is trying to resurrect an an-

cient Republican electoral pattern. He is writing off the South, writing off Texas and much of the West, writing off even the Border States. He hopes to win by carrying the Northeast, the big states of the Midwest-northern tier, plus the Pacific coast.

Essentially, Anderson's electoral strategy is WASP/Jewish. During the nineteenth century, Anderson's northern tier was settled, all the way to Washington and Oregon, by WASPs pushing westward from the Northeast. Anderson himself represents this ethnic strain, and his political style is WASP-moralistic. Anderson needs to add to this Oregon Trail strategy the Jewish vote in New York and California: thus his promise to move the U.S. embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, a strictly demagogic ploy. There are signs that Anderson is making good progress with Jews in New York and California.

This is a strategy in which every last piece must fall correctly into place. But even if it worked, and Anderson actually won, such a coalition would provide a poor basis on which to govern.

III. Carter

President Carter is strapped to an oxymoron, and must somehow repeat his 1976 magical mystery feat. He must hold much of the South, while *also* winning the traditional Democratic interest groups in the old industrial states. Carter was able to do this in 1976, when he ran without the disadvantage of a record as President. The meaning of Kennedy's candidacy, as it has developed, is to demonstrate how difficult it will be for Carter to bridge that contradiction once again.

Carter, however, has two prime assets. First, incumbency—which includes the capacity to manipulate events abroad. Second, he has Robert Strauss. His Georgia mafia, Jördan, Powell, and the rest, is worse than useless. But Strauss is a first-class political talent and can talk turkey to the contradictory elements of the Democratic equation.

At this stage of the race, Reagan appears to have the potentiality of becoming a more national, a less regional, candidate than either Carter or Anderson.

Ford and Kennedy

Former President Gerald Ford and Senator Edward Kennedy are playing oddly symmetrical roles this year. Each wanted the nomination. Neither had the political strength to win it. Yet both represent important groupings in their respective parties.

The outcome of the elections could be seriously affected by the success or failure of the Reagan-Ford and Carter-Kennedy political negotiations. Indeed, both Ford and Kennedy could plausibly view their

present roles as adding to the strength of their party's ticket, doing the nominees a perhaps painful favor.

Last week, at an important news conference in Chicago, Ford stressed once again the need for "steadiness" in foreign policy. We should be tough and consistent, he said, but also willing to talk. What Ford appears to want from candidate Reagan is some assurance of steadiness and sophistication vis-à-vis the Soviets. Such assurance could come through the vice presidential choice and other Reagan moves.

On the Democratic side, Senator Kennedy knows that Carter is tone deaf to much of the traditional Democratic constituency: specifically, to the unions, the Jews, the intelligentsia, and the organized HEW minorities. If Kennedy's campaign showed anything, it showed the strength of those interests in states Carter needs to carry.

It is not clear, however, that Kennedy has offered any answer to Carter's desperate political need. Should Carter slap on wage and price controls? Should he lurch into a spending spree? Should he replace the boring Mondale on the ticket? Should he start a war with somebody, maybe Cuba? Kennedy has diagnosed Carter's political weakness, but has not come up with the prescription, and Democratic platform froth won't do it this time.

Toady to the Ayatollah

Ten Americans went on that infamous recent pilgrimage to Iran. Nine of them may be dismissed as merely attendant mischief-makers. The one who counts is Ramsey Clark. He is a former Attorney General of the United States and a considerable figure in Democratic politics in New York. He was, moreover, President Carter's choice last November for a mission to treat with the Ayatollah Khomeini over the wholly reprehensible captivity of American public servants—a mission barren of any results at the time beyond making Clark an ignored and futile presence in the Ayatollah's holy home city of Qom for a few days.

It is in regard to Clark—whether or not he gets away with his acts unimpeded and unpunished—that it is important to be precise concerning the nature of the transgressions involved in making the more recent trip to Iran, consorting there with the captors and their abettors, playing a big role in mass splurges of anti-U.S. passions, and undertaking to help effectuate a large propaganda effort, launched by what passes for a regime in Teheran, to vilify and to discredit the government of the United States, to which Clark professes to accord allegiance.

The first of two statutes that come to mind is the so-called Logan Act of 1799—a law whose original design, if not its continuing effect, is to dissuade un-

authorized busybodies from trenching on the President's constitutional prerogative to direct the conduct of public business with other governments. Its name is derived from a busybody named George Logan who once took it upon himself to supplement and correct the United States Government's representations with France's revolutionary regime in the Directory phase, conducted interchanges with the Directors in Paris, came back home to portray their hostile intentions as wholesome and peaceful, and otherwise to serve as the tool of his country's adversaries. Its prescribed penalties run up to three years in the slammer and \$5,000 in fines, but enforcement turns on intentions often difficult to demonstrate to judges and juries— notwithstanding that its pertinence otherwise to the Clark caper seems patent.

The International Emergency Powers Act of 1977 is also involved. It was invoked by President Carter when he proclaimed an array of new interdictions as the centerpiece of a "get-tough" approach to Iran. Its relatively heavier maximum penalties—two times as much imprisonment and six times as heavy fines compared to the Logan Act—were cited by Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti in trying to dissuade Clark and fellow travelers from venturing to Iran. Jody Powell simultaneously briefed the press on their applicability. Later on, with the journey over, Secretary of State Muskie—passing up a handsome chance to defer to the Attorney General on a matter of law enforcement—gave a mild and exculpatory comment in answer to a question on TV concerning prospects for invoking legal punishments for flouting an official ban on travel to Iran. Still later, President Carter opined in favor of levying fines but forgoing jail terms in the same connection.

For Administration spokesmen to speak in diverse tongues on the same matter is surely no novelty. Likewise, calling the Administration's bluff is of itself no famous feat. Fierce gestures and pusillanimous follow-ups are part of the general routine nowadays. President Carter's ad lib sortie into the judicial function might alone suffice to queer any chance of a success-

We've Been Warned

The Army and Navy are fading;
 Recruitment's becoming a chore.
 You can't get a kid to do what we did
 When waiters are raking in more.
 A high-school diploma's uncommon.
 Forget about college degrees.
 Statistics suggest, with any fair test
 We'd fail to defeat the Maltese.

W. H. VON DREELE

ON THE Left

KEVIN LYNCH

Two of the pre-eminent foreign correspondents in the world—Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss—have collaborated on a book that could do for the Soviet Union what Woodward and Bernstein did for Richard Nixon. Borchgrave is chief foreign correspondent of *Newsweek*. Moss is editor of the *Economist's* newsletter, *Foreign Report*, and a columnist for the *London Daily Telegraph* (as well as an occasional contributor to *NR*). Both men are wise in the ways of the Kremlin, and out of their wisdom has come *The Spike*, a *roman à clef* detailing the global intrigue of the Soviet Union.

The Spike—the title is newspaper jargon for the killing of a story politically displeasing to an editor—is built around Robert Hockney, a young reporter of conventional leanings with many scalps on his belt. His exposés for *Barricades* magazine (read: *Ramparts*) rock the CIA and result in at least one death. His spellbinding reports from Vietnam for the *New York World* (*New York Times*) fuel antiwar demonstrations back in the States. When he returns from Vietnam, he finds he's a hero to his colleagues and friends, most especially his friends at a Marxist research organization in Washington, the Institute for Progressive Reform (Institute for Policy Studies).

But then—turning point—Hockney meets Nick Flower (James Angleton), former head of CIA counter-intelligence who was purged as a result of one of Hockney's exposés. The embittered Flower tells Hockney a few facts of life: some of his best friends in the media and at IPR, among them, his most fruitful source, Phil Kreps (Phillip Agee), have close links with Communist intelligence agencies. A stunned ace investigative reporter goes off to find out the truth for himself. What he finds, after a spine-tingling hunt, leads all the way up to the White House of President Billy Connor (guess who? He's from a Southern town by the name of Flats).

Many reviewers have tried to dismiss the book as a fantasy concocted by two cold warriors. But certain facts prevent this, facts which the authors happily ventilate. In a recent interview, for example, Moss cited the comradely relationship between a recently deceased *Washington Post* editor and Castro's secret service. At the funeral, said Moss, Castro's station chief in Washington gave a moving speech in which he referred to the editor as one of the greatest friends Cuba has ever had in the U.S. The editor was, by all accounts, a very good man with the spike.



ful prosecution. In this instance, moreover, there are reasons for doubting the inherent solidity of the government's legal case. The inclusion of a partial ban on travel to Iran in the April list has no explicit antecedent in the statute under which the President acted. The judicial branch, moreover, has been characteristically obstinate about interference with foreign travel. The attitude is traceable back to Magna Carta itself: "It is allowed henceforth to any one to go out from our kingdom, and to return, safely and securely . . . except in times of war for some short time."

So Ramsey Clark may be conceded a point in constitutional theory. The rest of us, however, have a right—in no wise diminished by that technical consideration—to treat Clark and his companions with the scorn they so richly merit. Whatever their legal rights, what they have done in this connection is irredeemably wrong. Above all the others, Clark should have known better, and his status only adds to the dimension of his misconduct. Persistence in his efforts as a servitor to the Ayatollah in a process to discredit the United States and deflect blame for Iran's offenses invites general scorn if not the law's penalties.

Prop 9 in California

On June 3 the voters of California coughed up a loud No to Proposition 9: they voted, 61 per cent to 39, against a 50 per cent cut in income taxes. Liberals have been quick to seize on this vote as a sign that the "tax revolt" has petered out, that the people really do covet the "services" offered by government, and—especially, and deliciously—that Ronald Reagan's notion of a tax cut along Kemp-Roth lines has been given its comeuppance.

Reagan's obituarists are being, if one may borrow

their word, simplistic. The June 3 vote reflected many cross-currents. Prop 9 was perceived as a "windfall for the rich"—which it was, and was not. It was a "windfall" in the sense that a 50 per cent cut in a \$10,000 tax assessment means more dollars than a 50 per cent cut in a \$100 tax assessment. It was *not* in two ways: 1) the high-income people would have had to turn around and pay higher federal taxes, having lost the deduction for state and local taxes, and federal taxes would soak up 50 to 70 per cent of their "windfall"; and sooner or later the availability of larger spendable incomes in the state would create a demand for more goods, more production, and more jobs—a "windfall," if one may say so, to the unemployed.

The June 3 vote, again, did not reflect a growing love for taxes in general. Opinion surveys taken at the time showed that the Prop 13 measure (cutting property taxes), which passed in California two years ago by a huge majority and sparked the nationwide tax revolt, continued to have the support of enormous majorities. And, even while rejecting Prop 9, the California voters said No to a proposed surtax of 10 per cent on the profits of oil companies. Clearly the vote on June 3 was not a hymn in praise of taxation in general.

Other factors should be noted. Howard Jarvis, campaigning for Prop 9 in his roughneck way, struck even his friends as having done more harm than good. The entrenched interests, mainly the labor unions representing people who work for state and local government and the labor unions representing public school teachers, campaigned furiously, and with their customary disingenuousness, against this newest attempt to restrict what they have come to perceive as their unlimited right to the taxpayers' incomes. There was, as Richard Reeves pointed out, a straightforward showdown between two classes who presume to "own"

the national income: those who produce it, and those who wish to tax and spend it. There was also the serious question whether tax *rates*, as such, should be written into constitutions.

The vote on Prop 9 may turn out to have been wise. It is not necessary that every reform be hatched in California. This year the voters of Arizona, Michigan, Massachusetts, and several other states will have a chance to say something about the level of taxation in their states. Already there are vigorous "tax revolts" on the property tax in many cities around the land—Dallas comes to mind, and El Paso, and Corpus Christi.

Mr. Reagan shouldn't allow the vote on Prop 9 to cool his natural impulses. Milton Friedman, challenging an audience, loves to say, "Walk down the street and ask anyone you meet if he'd like to pay higher taxes, or if he thinks he's getting his money's worth for the taxes he pays now." All those who answer No to those two questions are Reagan's natural constituency.

Galt's Gulch, or Libertarian Enterprise

Scene i. Remember the Republic of Minerva? Probably not, since there never was one. A group of American businessmen, known as the Phoenix Foundation, planned to build an island on Minerva Reef in the Pacific Ocean a couple of years ago. They envisaged a tax-free ministate, and had even minted coins, when the Kingdom of Tonga took over their reef.

Cut to—the October, 1979 issue of *Reason*, wherein John Hospers (Professor of Philosophy, sometime Libertarian Party candidate for President) wrote about the New Hebrides, a French-British condominium, also in the Pacific, slated for independence in 1980. Some of the New Hebrideans, wrote Hospers, longed for a "pro-freedom and pro-private property" state. Others, "inheriting the tradition of British Fabian socialism," wanted the normal Third World stuff. "It is greatly in the interest of freedom-loving people everywhere," Hospers concluded, to see that the good guys get a chance.

Scene ii. Eight hundred plantation workers armed with bows and arrows seized control of Espiritu Santo, the *New Hebrides'* largest island. They have coins, passports, uniforms, and a constitution drawn up by a Carson City lawyer and a former member of the Phoenix Foundation. ("It's very short," the lawyer remarked. "Thomas Jefferson would love it.") The leader of the other side has meanwhile appealed to the UN, and admits that his favorite country is Tanzania. The Brits back the statist, the French seem

ambivalent, and the *New York Times* is in favor of cracking down on the American businessmen (so what else is new?).

Epilogue, addressed to the audience. Two serious points emerge. 1) Friends of the free-enterprise rebels hint darkly that their opponents will most likely be hospitable to a Russian naval base in the New Hebrides in the not-too distant future. The State Department disagrees, which probably adds credibility to the warning. 2) It would be nice to see some free-market-eers get a crack at the Third World for a change. Heaven knows the imperialists and the socialists have made a muck of it.

News from Elsewhere

Mr. Ted Turner has finally launched his widely (and anxiously) watched experiment, the Cable News Network. CNN offers nonstop news, 24 hours a day, and may mark a new era in broadcasting: the end of the three-network hegemony over popular perception of public reality.

Mr. Turner isn't excessively fancy about it: he tells a *Newsweek* reporter that the big three are run by "a bunch of pinkos" whose news and entertainments alike present a foul image of man. What will he do differently? It isn't clear, since the very nature of television requires a preponderance of "news" that can be made visible. This fact in itself excludes the possibility of covering much of the world—especially the Communist part. Much, though not all, of media "bias" consists simply of the inaccessibility of totalitarian societies to our TV cameras. (Not that it would hurt if Walter Cronkite were to remind us of the fact now and then.)

Turner himself is a refreshing phenomenon—a dynamic Sunbelt go-getter who testifies to the survival of those entrepreneurial energies which even the federal bureaucracies now and then neglect to repress. He represents a gut-level rejection of socialist presumptions, and brings to his work a gambler's boldness, a set of first-class Southern wiles, and a baronial confidence in his sovereignty over that which is his. All of which is bound to madden any bunch of pinkos, anywhere. Good luck, Turner.

Listen Up, Teach

"What's the attraction of private schools?" The question is posed by Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, who answers, as one would expect, grumpily.

Is it better buildings? Naw. Better textbooks? Nope. Better teachers? *Course* not. Better curriculum? Nertz.

The Slippery Slope

While insisting his feelings grew fonder,
Jimmy booted the Shah way out yonder.
As departures go, Vance
Didn't leave his to chance,
A farewell Walter Mondale should ponder.

W. H. VON DREELE

What then? Students. "The learning atmosphere may be better. There are fewer disruptions. There is much less fear of violence. There is, in a word, discipline. But that discipline does not come from superior teachers, administrators, or program. It comes from simply refusing to take into the school those students who are discipline problems—and expelling those who behave antisocially. . . . What is most attractive about private schools is that the most difficult students are kept out."

Inference: allowing private schools to operate turns public schools into cesspools of rejected student (and excuses the poor performance of public schools).

Okay, but what Shanker forgets is that a private school is one that is likely to have its own institutional purpose. Discipline means more than laying on the rod and bouncing the disruptive. Above all, discipline issues from the shared sense that the school has some identifiable end in view, some pervasive rationale for the behavior that goes on within it. When its premises are established, it is less easy for bad boys and intrusive state authorities and civil libertarians to get together and tear it apart. There's less temptation to *be* a bad boy. The attraction of the private school is a credible *raison d'être*—something the public schools and the United Federation of Teachers seem unable to supply.

Henry Miller, RIP

In many ways, Henry Miller resembled Daniel Defoe. He was a major writer without being a "good" one. He was enormously prolific and always told much the same story. And, as a figure, he embodied a central impulse of his time.

Defoe breathed the air of individualism and hard fact, and his imagination burned to possess the material world. Henry Miller adumbrated the eruption of the old bohemian sexual values into the respectable middle-class world.

His *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* were published in Paris in 1934 and 1939. Banned in the U.S., they were smuggled in and enjoyed a vast illicit popularity, which was, if anything, enhanced by their

officially forbidden status. Their publication by the Grove Press in 1961 and 1962 provoked a series of obscenity trials culminating in a 1964 Supreme Court ruling making their publication legal.

Not at all coincidentally, the emergence of these books from underground came at a time when attitudes toward sexual matters were undergoing a deep transformation. What began with *Sister Carrie* and *Ulysses* and continued through *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Miller brought to its inevitable conclusion. Fittingly enough, when he died in California at the age of 88, Miller was awaiting the first copies of his final book, *The World of D. H. Lawrence*.

In his work and in his career, Miller was an avatar of freedom. It was more fun, perhaps, to read his books when they were officially banned; and you may not like the look of your local magazine rack; but Miller was part of a cultural movement which expanded the individual's options. From that perspective, it is rather fitting that he was a neighbor of Ronald Reagan in Pacific Palisades, California.

J. HART

Notes



Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Jim McFadden's memo on demographics prompts me to enter an opinion on the East-West debate. Keeping in mind that the distance between L.A. and D.C. is greater than London to Moscow, I will try to point out a few Eastern-slanted items.

Books, Arts & Manners, April 18, 1980: Condini, from New Jersey, criticizes Shaw's new book (location: New York, Vermont) by labeling it "Made in Hollywood"; Donald Hall tells us about McPhee's *New Yorker* SCAM; Alan Miller drives his Chevy all the way to Detroit; William Murchison shows Texans aren't hicks by discussing Chicago; Rickenbacker goes to a concert at Carnegie Hall, Mano a soccer game in New York. Walt Disney squeezes into Books in Brief.

M. Stanton Evans nominates a book full of Western senators as a "Dark Horse" and even claims that the West symbolizes America's future. But how many correspondents has the West? Do we play soccer? Ski? Drive? Read? Listen to music? Or do we just go to Disneyland and vote conservative? There is a rumor making the rounds that a Californian may be our next President.

Now granted if we held the California primary in February instead of June, it would help. And news

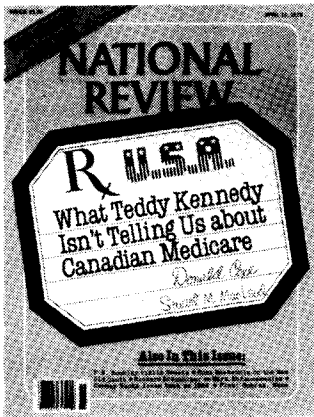
deadlines tend to put Eastern news in the evening telecasts. But what do you really need? You need a West Coast Poetry Editor!

Richard K. Moore
Long Beach, Calif.

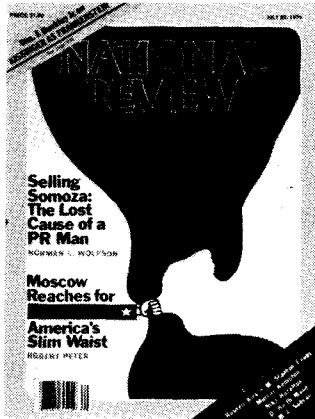
Dear Mr. Moore: We published serious poetry for several years, under the guidance of Hugh Kenner. But these are prosaic times. Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
From: Jim O'Bryan

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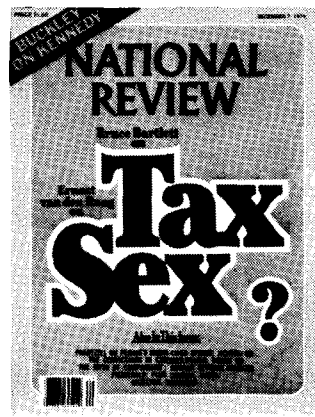
Apr. 13



July 20



Oct. 12



Dec. 7

■ The Editor
The Nation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

Believe it or not, I managed to get through the whole of Mr. Sigmund Diamond's article, "God and the FBI at Yale," [April 12, 1980] the principal point of which is, I think, its pointlessness. But Mr. Diamond seems to be making two points in a reproachful tone of voice. The first is: "Ha! We have caught Mr. Buckley out! As a junior at Yale, in a letter to the

President of the *Harvard Crimson* he sent a blind copy to a friend of his at the FBI! Ha!" Comment: I send blind copies of letters I write half the time, usually to friends who I suspect would be interested. Mr. Nichols of the FBI, at the time I wrote to the *Crimson*, had become my friend. Indeed, he was my friend over the subsequent 29 years, until his death. The second point is that perhaps I "should consider apologizing" to Professor Rodell of the Yale Law School because Nichols said to Rodell that it was not true that the FBI maintained files on congressmen; whereas we now know (since 1975) that the FBI did keep files on congressmen. My comment: 1) The record does not reveal that Nichols knew he was lying when he made his denial—Hoover's file might have been kept confidential from Nichols; 2) In any event, I feel no obligation to apologize for other people's lies. And finally, 3) I don't see any reason for not keeping files on congressmen if they are suspected of illegal activity. It is presumably such files that led to the current Abscam investigations. The Constitution does not, except in specified ways, confer immunity on members of Congress. And permit me to remark the exquisite irony of an editorial juxtaposition. The article about me, if you can find the gravamen, has to do with the heinousness of keeping records in colleges of faculty members who may have trafficked in pro-Communist activity. The very next article ("The Laundering of McGeorge Bundy") seems to deplore those modern universities that fail to keep track, before carelessly hiring them, of faculty members who are suspected of trafficking in anti-Communist activity.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

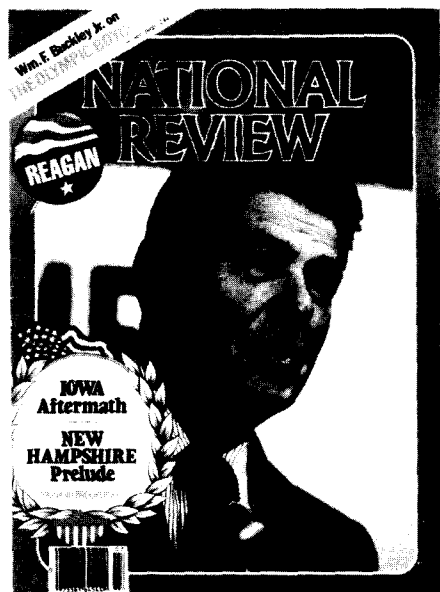
The prescience of some poets is uncanny. How could Robert Burns, writing in 1786, have known that he had composed a poem for the supporters of a 1980 American presidential candidate? But he did, and here, in part, it is:

*Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, My jo.*

Yours sincerely,
Ray Irwin
Chapel Hill, N.C.

—WFB

This is no time to be without **NATIONAL REVIEW**

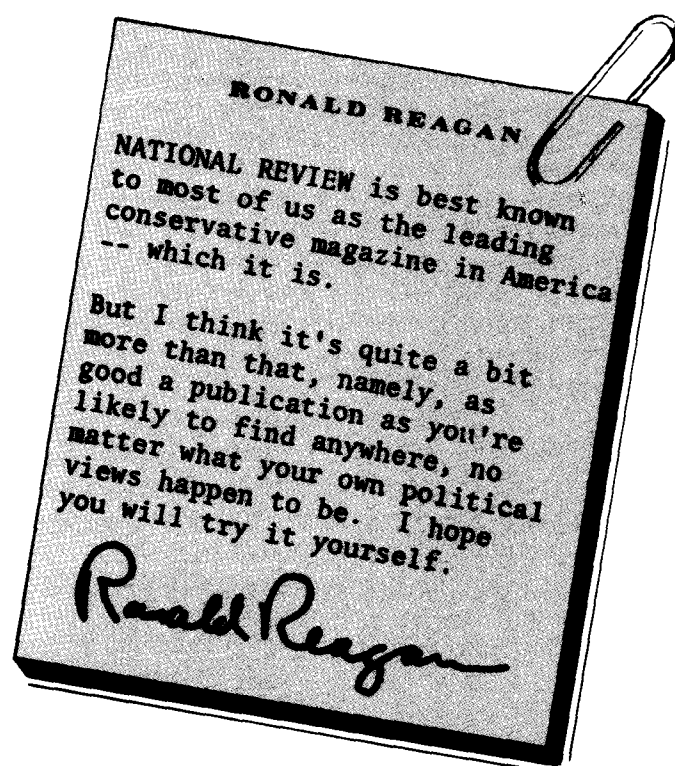


Much is happening right now that is going to affect you directly. You need to know what's *really* going on in Campaign '80 (probably our most crucial election since 1932) and you should have the advantage of that "other" point of view so conspicuously absent from a great deal of today's news reporting.

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The Current WISDOM



The Curious Case of Rep. Kelly

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WE HAVE TO admit that we joined in the general laughter when Representative Richard Kelly (R., Fla.) went public with his singular explanation of the Abscam caper. Despite appearances to the contrary, despite even the evidence of the FBI videotapes, Kelly told an incredulous press conference last February that he had accepted \$25,000 in cash not as a bribe but as part of his ongoing "investigation" of a gang of "shady characters." The press conference was good theater: Peter Sellers as congressman.

As winter turned to spring, and as rumors turned to indictments, we had occasion to take a closer look at the curious case of Richard Kelly. What first attracted our interest, we confess, was the neat political symmetry of Abscam. Of the eight congressional targets of federal prosecution, exactly eight have been on the outs with the Administration in recent months; some of them had openly supported President Carter's political opponents. Equally conspicuous was the fact that only one Republican was named—Kelly. Had there been eight Democrats, of course, the Abscam case could have been an election-year bombshell, a *Democratic* scandal. Thus the case against Kelly carried unique political significance.

Kelly himself, on reflection, seemed a most unlikely candidate for the FBI setup. A former Marine, a prosecutor, and for 13 years a trial judge, Kelly is a straight arrow who has demonstrated little appetite for the fancy lifestyle of Washington. His spending habits seem every bit as conservative as his voting record: a cumulative 95 ACU record during his five years in the House. The only vulnerability we could quickly identify is Kelly's standing with the party establishment. He is a loner, an independent spirit, an eccentric man with no strong ties to the formal GOP apparatus. (Within days of his admission that he took the money, Kelly was drummed out of the House Republican

Conference. At this writing, the Democrats have not yet moved against any of their implicated members, not even the two Pennsylvania congressmen, Lederer and Myers, who are under indictment.)

WHAT, THEN, is the case against Kelly? The case is on the videotape, a critical piece of evidence to which neither reporters nor Kelly's attorneys have been able to gain access. (A Freedom of Information suit is pending.) We will have to wait and see, along with everybody else. On the other side of the case, Kelly's, there is much confusion and a partially exculpatory pattern of circumstantial evidence.

Item. In December, just after Kelly had been offered two large payoffs, he says he took out a variable-rate \$10,500 mortgage from a Florida bank. (Comment: if you were poised to accept bribes, would you borrow money at 18 per cent?)

Item. Just three days after he accepted the \$25,000 on January 8, Kelly borrowed \$1,200 from Mastercard at arm-and-leg rates.

Item. Kelly made no move to convert or wash the money. It was all in place—minus \$174—when he called in the FBI to reclaim it on February 3.

Item. In November, Kelly had a credit check run on one of the "shady characters" in Williamsport, Pa. (Comment: He was investigating something.)

Item. Suspecting he was under surveillance by the "shady characters," he says, Kelly used one of the marked \$100 bills to buy a hamburger at McDonald's. He wanted to reassure the bribers, presumably, that he was "hooked." He returned the change to his office cache. (Comment: If confirmed, this incident suggests that Judge Kelly, who knows a thing or two about evidence, was not concerned about implicating himself in a bribery case. Teenage clerks at McDonald's tend to

remember the occasions on which they receive \$100 bills for Quarter Pounders with cheese.)

Item. An Orlando-area psychic, Robyn Jameison, has told the grand jury that Kelly consulted her on three occasions last fall about the investigation he was pursuing. Further, at least three other witnesses, including actress Sheila MacRae, have confirmed that Jameison told them about Kelly's investigation before the Abscam case broke. (Comment: If Kelly's interest was in payoffs rather than investigations, why would he call attention to his activities?)

We are not prepared on the basis of these evidential tidbits to contend that Richard Kelly's hands are clean, much less that his heart is pure. What we can say is that, given the man's background and personality, it is possible to believe he was looking into the scam on his own and that he could have believed that premature disclosure of his findings would blow the case. While it is much more difficult to accept his explanation of why he took the money—to preserve his credibility with the "shady characters"—such an explanation is not inconsistent with his highly charged and fuzzily paranoid view of the political world. As he described his position to a Florida newspaper: "I felt exactly as though I was at the pass and an invading army was coming and there was no one there but me. I could hike up my skirts and skedaddle or stand in the pass."

Last April, in a front-page story in the *Washington Post*, friends of Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), one of the other congressmen implicated in Abscam, announced the formation of a legal defense fund in his behalf. The organizing committee included such prominent public figures as AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland, NAACP President Benjamin Hooks, NOW Chairperson Eleanor Smeal and Monsignor George Higgins of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The grand jury began hearing evidence on Kelly last February. They were still calling witnesses at the end of May. Prosecutorial momentum is such, court sources suggest, that only the Attorney General could prevent an indictment at this point. Such action by what William Safire calls Jimmy Carter's Department of Political Justice seems highly unlikely. It may soon be time, in the words of Warner Wolf, to sing out, "Let's go to the videotape." □

THE

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The Logic of Guilt

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THERE IS a certain logic about the attitude of Herr Egon Bahr, the party manager of the Social Democrats (SPD) of West Germany, which I have had occasion to write about before in this space. Herr Bahr, if I am not traducing him, was traumatized by the building of the Berlin Wall on that ghastly night of August 12, 1961.

He waited and he waited, as so many others did, for the American response which, surely, would come now, or never come at all.

Totalitarians do time these things well, and, as with Pearl Harbor, the news reached Washington on a Sunday morning. Secretary of State Dean Rusk met with his officials. Fearing war in the event of any real American response (such as, for example, sending in the bulldozers), he advised inaction. President Kennedy, memories of the Bay of Pigs fresh and cruel in his mind, saw no reason to change his plan to go sailing in his sloop, the *Marlin*; nor did Rusk, fortified by the President's holiday mood, see any very strong reason for not attending a ball game that afternoon.

An American protest note was apparently drafted, but not delivered for several days, and, yes, President Kennedy *did* something: he sent Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson to Berlin to deliver a rousing speech.

Not in the Crunch

But the point really is what all this flurry of inaction did to Herr Bahr. Putting it simply, he decided there and then that when it came to the crunch—and make no mistake, the Berlin Wall *was* a crunch—it was no good looking to the United States for succor. And he concluded, safe in the logic of his premises, that if the German Federal Republic could not depend on the United States, it had no alternative, in the last resort, but to seek an accommodation with the Soviet Union, which would offer Germans on both sides of the Wall, and of the Iron Curtain, the inestimable benefits of reunification.

Now Herr Bahr's logic, as I say, was impeccable, but he might just as easily have drawn another conclusion: that,

since the United States would not stand up to the Russians on behalf of the Germans, it had become imperative for the West Germans and the rest of the European members of the Alliance to take steps there and then to make provision for a deterrent of their own.

Franz-Josef Strauss, whose logic is every bit as good as Bahr's, came to the latter conclusion and has suggested that NATO should have two divisions: a European and a North American. The European end would have its own deterrent, based upon the existing nuclear weapons owned by Britain and France.

It is this fundamental divergence of views in West Germany that makes next October's federal elections so critically important for the Alliance as a whole. Right now, Strauss is doing rather badly (the SPD victory in the important Land elections in North Rhine-Westphalia was a heavy blow to his hopes). If, nevertheless, his Christian Democrats win, the Alliance will not only be safe, but potentially far stronger than it has been these last few years. If Chancellor Schmidt's Social Democrats win, then I fear that within his new term of office there *will* be a deal with the Russians, and that will be the end of the Alliance.

But to return to my theme. I am not among those who think that because the United States is a superpower, the Europeans are within their moral rights in leaving deterrence to the Americans. Soviet statisticians do not use the concept of Gross National Product, but when the right allowances have been made, one comes up with a combined GNP of about \$1,574 billion for the European Economic Community, compared with about \$900 billion for the USSR. In combination, the EEC is a superpower, well able economically to provide for its own defense.

History took one of its perverse turns in July 1954, when Pierre Mendès-France, intent, upon taking office as Premier, on redeeming his pledge that he would end the Indochina war within a month or resign, made a deal behind the scenes with Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov. The latter would bully the Vietnamese Communists into ac-

cepting half of the national territory (by partitioning the country at the 17th parallel), and in return Mendès-France would make sure the European Defense Community (EDC) did not get through the French National Assembly. Both men stuck to the bargain, and the EDC was killed. It is probable that if it had not been, Europe would by now have its deterrent and I should not be worrying about the influence of Egon Bahr upon Chancellor Schmidt.

What If . . .

We have looked at the logic. Where does the guilt lie? In many places, actually. If the EDC had not been killed; if President Eisenhower had not rejected de Gaulle's 1958 proposal for an Atlantic Directorate; if de Gaulle had not taken France out of NATO; if Willy Brandt had not taken Egon Bahr's proposals for an Ostpolitik and turned them into state policy; if Presidents Nixon and Ford had not played into Soviet hands with the sinister deception of detente; if President Carter had not compounded his predecessors' follies by canceling the neutron bomb and the B-1 bomber; if Dutch and British politics had not taken their fateful leftward turn in the 1970s . . .

The truth is that there can be no simple allocation of guilt. Democracies are more fun than authoritarian or totalitarian regimes. The indulgences of protest marches and even of terrorism are available and tempting. Governments are short-lived, and politicians, in general, court short-term popularity at the expense of long-term strength and cohesion. But short-term follies end to end can produce long-term disasters.

One thing is clear. The Alliance is in a mess. President Giscard went all the way to Warsaw to probe Mr. Brezhnev's mind, and he didn't bother to let Mr. Carter or Mrs. Thatcher know. Herr Schmidt will be off to Moscow soon, and you may count on it that the Soviets will make sure he does not come back empty-handed.

What a job lies ahead for President Reagan; plus Mrs. Thatcher; and (I still hope), Herr Strauss. □

THE U.S.
IN A
DANGEROUS,
UNTIDY WORLD

DONALD RUMSFELD

RECENT NEWS tells of: a guerrilla attack in Tunisia, possibly stimulated by Libya or the Soviet Union; terrorist activity in Israel; a presidentially proposed increase in defense spending; the U.S. boycott of the Olympics; Syrian and Israeli troop movements in south Lebanon; Pakistani concern about the degree of U.S. commitment; fifty hostages still in Iran; unease in Yugoslavia; and Soviet troop consolidations in Afghanistan, amid stories of chemical warfare and the use of nerve gas.

We get the feeling that this is an untidy and a dangerous world. What should President Carter do? What should our country do? What should we as individuals do? The answers to these and related questions are really parts of a whole. First, the answers require an understanding of the fundamentals of the world we live in. Second, they depend on a realistic assessment of our own circumstances. Third, the answers must come from an understanding of what our goals as individuals and as a people are. And it's only then that individual steps or programs or policies begin to take shape and have a meaning. Only then can we begin to answer the question: How do we get from where we are to where we would like to be? The problems in Iran and Afghanistan are serious. But they can be solved only in the context of the broader questions.

We know that we believe in freedom—individual freedom—and yet the morning newspaper tells us that that view is not universal. Perhaps 20 to 30 per cent of the people in the world got up as you did this morning knowing that you could go where you wish, say what you want, vote your preference, and assemble with whom and where you wish. Of the 155 nations in the world, possibly twenty to thirty are free.

We believe in independence for ourselves and self-determination for our people, and we recommend it for other nations. But we know also that that is not the common

view in the world. We know that there are nations attempting to impose their views on their neighbors by force.

We know that ours is an interdependent world and that those two great oceans no longer assure our invulnerability in a world of intercontinental missiles and nuclear submarines.

We know that issues interact, that it's anachronistic to think you can separate and compartmentalize economic, political, and security issues. These issues must be weighed one against the other, and our multifaceted relationships with other nations have to take into account all of our interests—political, diplomatic, and economic.

Ours is a dynamic and changing world. I was born in 1932. There were 65 countries in the world in 1932 and one superpower—Great Britain. Today, Soviet occupation troops in Czechoslovakia outnumber the entire British Army of the Rhine.

THINK OF WHAT were widely held beliefs the year I was born: France had the best land army in Europe. The Maginot Line was impregnable. Germany couldn't and wouldn't fight on two fronts. Japan wouldn't attack the United States. Within a very short period of time those beliefs were shown to have been invalid, and a terrible price was paid for those misassumptions.

We know that technologies evolve and that as weapons have become more powerful the lead-time for the development and deployment of weapons has lengthened. The task today, given the power of those weapons, is not to have enough of them on hand to prevail in the event of a conflict, but to see that a conflict does not, in fact, occur. The goal is to deter conflicts, to make it clear to others that it is not in their interest to risk the use of those weapons.

Today there are two superpowers—the United States and the Soviet Union; no other nation is in the same league militarily. And the Soviet Union is a superpower, not because of the persuasiveness of its political system or ideology, not because of the creativity of its economy, but purely and simply because of raw military might.

The single most significant event since 1945 has been the

Mr. Rumsfeld, former Secretary of Defense under President Ford, is the president and chief executive officer of G. D. Searle & Co. This article is adapted from a speech he gave earlier this year in Los Angeles.

massive shift in power from the U.S. to the Soviet Union. In the post-World War II period, the U.S. was pre-eminent—politically, economically, and militarily. Incrementally each year during the intervening period, the Soviet Union has accumulated, as a result of military investment, additional relative power. It has moved from a position of no strategic nuclear capability to at least parity with the United States. Its small coastal navy has become a deep-water navy (a blue-water navy that demonstrated its ability to operate off Africa during the Angola crisis), has established a significant presence in the Mediterranean and in the Indian Ocean, and now has a base in Cam Ranh Bay in Vietnam.

We face a crisis. President Carter has described it as the most serious crisis since World War II. I submit that he's correct. It's not clear to me that he knows exactly why he's correct, but I believe he is correct. And I will tell you why.

The question is, what is our circumstance as a nation in the world? The answer is that most of the world doesn't believe what we believe. Most nations don't respect their citizens as we do, as free people. Most nations do not believe in self-determination for other nations.

Economically, our circumstances have altered significantly since World War II. Whereas right after WW II the United States was the pre-eminent economic power in the world, today there are other powers. As a result of our tax structure, as a result of regulatory practices, as a result of various types of government intervention, we have discouraged incentives for saving, for investment, for research and development, for innovation. And over that time, the economic influence and position of the United States has diminished.

As to our country's security, twenty years ago we had overwhelming strategic nuclear superiority, today we face a certain vulnerability in the early 1980s because of lead-times, regardless of what is done today.

The U.S. Navy has gone from 950 ships down to 393

The Soviet level of military investment today, in dollar/ruble equivalents, is about 150 per cent of current U.S. defense spending

ships, and 41 of our 43 allies are across oceans. The Soviet Union, a continental power, never a maritime power, has vastly increased its navy. Japan and Western Europe, highly dependent on maintaining open sea lanes—and it is much more difficult to keep the lines open than to interdict—are increasingly vulnerable to Soviet naval power.

The same is true with respect to nuclear and conventional capabilities. No one statistic is determinative. No one statistic is necessarily ultimately persuasive. But the fact is that the Soviets have 27,000 tanks in Europe and the NATO countries have 11,000. It can be argued that we don't need that many or that theirs are not as good as ours. Another fact is that they have, roughly, 3.4 to 4.4 million men and women under arms and the United States has about two million.

For twenty years we've been hearing that the Soviet Union may have quantitative superiority, but the United States has technological or qualitative superiority. Gov-

ernment officials, businessmen, and tourists went to the Soviet Union and came back convinced that they had a relatively primitive technology from a commercial standpoint. Scientists went over and said they were far behind us. Well, I can assure you that from a military standpoint they are not primitive today. That's where they have invested heavily. Look at the MiG-25 that landed in Japan, look at the armored personnel carriers that were captured during the Middle East war, which are environmentally controlled for chemical and bacteriological warfare. They are very fine pieces of military equipment.

THE CIA has repeatedly underestimated Soviet advances in technology. They underestimated the rate at which the Soviets would MIRV their missiles by one to three years. They underestimated the rate at which the Soviet Union would improve their missile accuracies. They underestimated the level of military investment by the Soviet Union by a factor of two. The Soviet level of military investment today, in terms of dollar/ruble equivalents, is about 150 per cent of current United States defense spending. According to the Rand Corporation, they spent \$100 billion in excess of United States investment in defense between 1973 and 1979. In terms of percentage of gross national product, the United States is spending about 5 per cent, the lowest percentage of gross national product since before the Korean War. The Soviet Union is spending, depending upon whether you believe the CIA or the DIA (Defense Intelligence Agency), somewhere between 12 and 18 per cent of its gross national product. U.S. academicians have, for the last twenty years, said that the Soviets couldn't sustain that pace, that in fact the demands of the consumer sector of their economy would force them to reduce that level of military investment. They were wrong.

Military capabilities provide military options. In the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, the Soviets lacked a navy and they had a very modest nuclear capability. They did not have the capabilities; therefore, they did not have options. When President Kennedy advised Khrushchev to take those missiles home—he did. No one could have advised him to do anything else. In a modern day Cuban missile crisis you would see dramatically different advice given in the White House and in the Kremlin. The circumstances have changed—to the disadvantage of the U.S.

It's fair to ask—when did it happen? It has taken place incrementally, undramatically—with the single exception of Sputnik—over a period of twenty years. The Soviets passed us in ICBM silos in 1969. Soviet military expenditures passed the United States for the first time in 1970. By 1973, their surface navy was numerically larger than ours. By 1974, their submarine missile tubes outnumbered ours. By 1975, Soviet expenditures on strategic systems were twice those of the United States and they began work on the Backfire bomber. By 1976, they deployed their Delta submarines. By 1977, they demonstrated an anti-satellite killer capability. By 1978, they had roughly a 2-to-1 superiority in throw-weight and demonstrated missile accuracies, and MIRVs that approximated ours.

How did it happen? The first reason it happened is that the Soviet Union wanted it to happen. They invested. We did not. Clearly, Vietnam was a significant factor. Billions of dollars that could have gone into modernization, into investment in naval ships, into replacing antiquated aircraft, into

readiness and training went toward prosecuting the Vietnam War. Further, the public reaction against Vietnam caused an anti-defense feeling which led successive Congresses to reduce successive Presidential defense budgets over the decade. It was popular to be against the Pentagon, to be against defense investment.

The United Kingdom withdrew from much of the world. There was an excessive focus on nuclear weapons, insufficient focus on the importance of conventional capabilities. Arms negotiations lulled Americans into believing that the world was basically warm and good. In fact, during the period of the SALT negotiations from 1970 on, the Soviet Union engaged in the most massive arms buildup in the history of the world. It was said we couldn't afford an adequate national defense. Can you think of anything more outrageous than a government that cannot afford to perform the first task of government—to provide for the security of the people?

President Ford was in office for about two years. The adverse trends of the previous ten to fifteen years were, in fact, reversed during his Administration, contrary to what Mr. Brzezinski has claimed.

President Ford announced that he was going to approve no new domestic programs and was going to increase the defense budget. And he did, for two years, in real terms. The result was that the slide toward inferiority was arrested and reversed. But he was defeated in 1976. The man who defeated him ran on a promise to reduce the defense budget. He has done so. He canceled the B-1 bomber. He delayed the MX-missile system. He stopped the Minuteman III production line. He butchered the shipbuilding program. He announced troop withdrawals from Korea. He cut the Research and Development budget. He mismanaged the deployment of the enhanced radiation weapon in Western Europe. He spent three years beating up on countries like Pakistan and South Korea because their behavior is more authoritarian than ours.

The reason this is the gravest crisis since World War II is not because of the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. It is not because of the hostages in Iran. It is because the United States no longer has any margin for error. In an earlier, quieter period, the United States could make an error in an arms-control negotiation and it would not be determinative. The United States Congress could cut the defense budget, but because of our overwhelming superiority we could absorb it. The United States Government could take steps that weakened or inhibited our economy, but, because of our great economic power, they would have minor impact in any one year.

If you are flying an airplane and you come in for a landing, and you get a wave-off and you have a full tank of gas, you go around, come back, and land. But if you're on red warning light, the

exact same thing can happen—a wave-off, no difference in what's happened—and yet it's determinative. If you have \$100 and you lose \$5, so what? If you have \$5 and you lose \$5, you've lost 100 per cent. And yet exactly the same thing happened—you lost \$5, or you got a wave-off. In the 1980s our margin for error is gone.

WHAT DO we do about our circumstance today? To the extent that we believe Soviet intentions are benign, to the extent that we believe the world is basically a friendly place, to the extent that we believe peace has been the natural state of man over the past 3,400 years, then we can rest easy. That's the time for statements such as, "Mr. Brezhnev shares the same aspirations I do." But to the extent that you assess the world and our circumstance in it approximately as I've described them, you are not surprised to discover that "the Soviet Union lied to us."

Our country is in danger and the danger is growing. It is vital that individually and governmentally we acknowledge our circumstance, and provide the kind of leadership that will assure that we are able to contribute to peace and stability during the 1980s and 1990s. Without a stable balance of power in the world, no goal of U.S. foreign or economic policy is attainable.

What, in general outline, should be done? First, it is the responsibility of the President to tell the American people, the world, and the Soviet Union what our assessment

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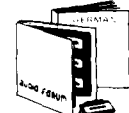
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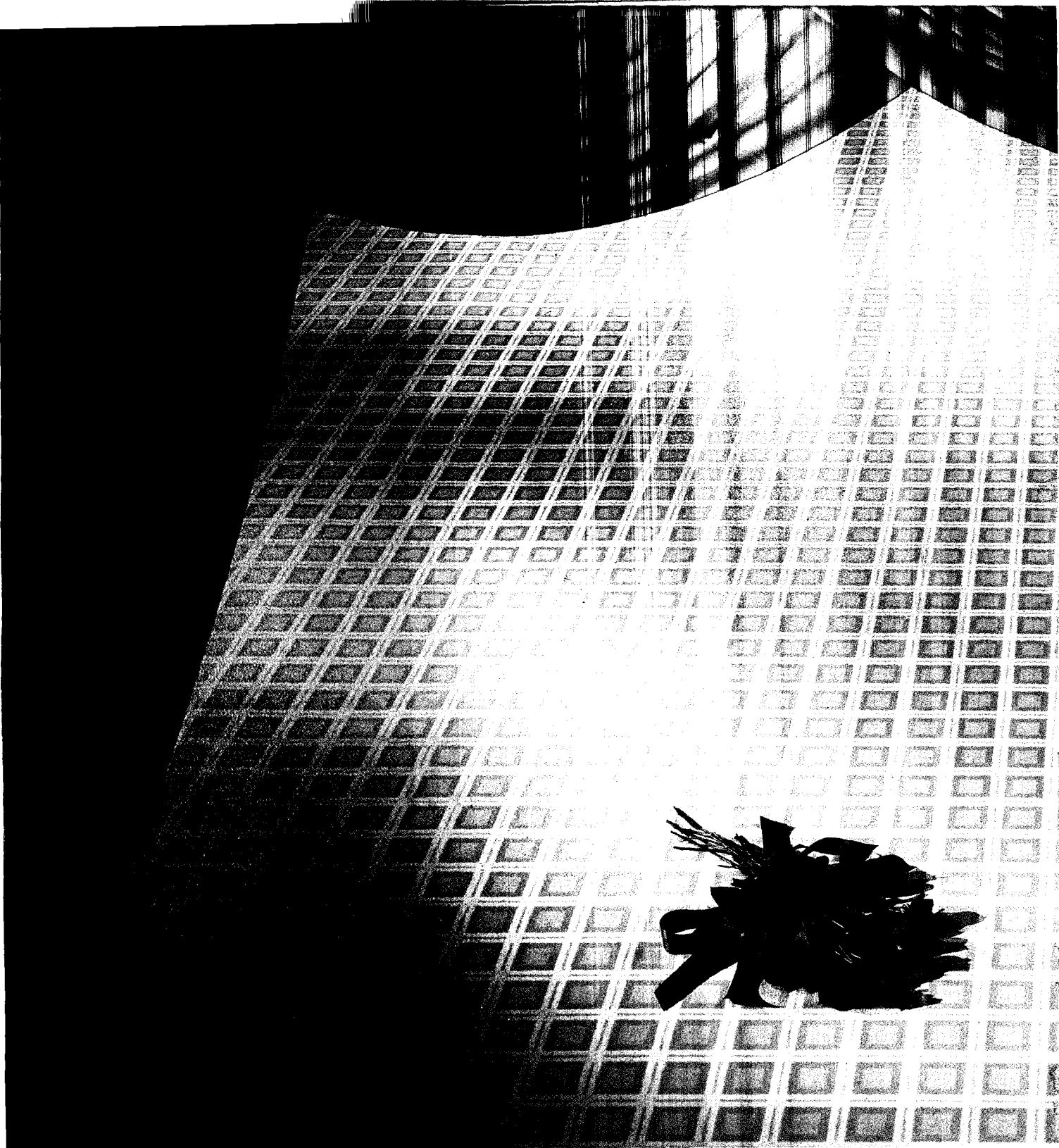
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FROM THE  INDOOR WORLD® OF

Armstrong



of the world is, and what our assessment of our circumstance in it is. Absent that, all actions and pronouncements are simply random acts that tend not to reinforce each other, tend not to raise a standard we can repair to. This has not been done. Second, we must rebuild America's strength, both economic and military. President Carter's present budget will not begin to do that. We need and want a strong America—politically, economically, and militarily.

What specific steps are called for depends on how serious you think the situation is. If you are told that there may be

**We need to reverse the
B-1 decision. We need to deploy
the enhanced radiation
weapon. We need to accelerate the
cruise missile developments**

an earthquake in Los Angeles some time in the next six months, you probably think about it for a moment and go on doing whatever you were doing. On the other hand, if someone came in and said the earthquake was coming in thirty minutes, you would act differently. I think America's behavior will change, depending on how we assess our circumstance, how serious we perceive it to be. Free people in France and England sat there as Hitler occupied the Rhineland, Czechoslovakia, and Poland and hoped it would stop, hoped that Hitler would see reason and the importance of peace. And their weakness, their tolerance, their hopefulness tended to provoke the very conflict they feared.

Here are some specific steps that need to be taken:

The defense budget has been cut by President Carter below the Ford projections of January 1977 to the tune of \$38.6 billion. That shortfall has to be made up. It is necessary because we need a viable Navy. We need a clear and credible second-strike capability. We need to reopen the Minuteman III line. We need to accelerate the MX-missile

which has been delayed from 1983 to 1989 by the Carter Administration. We need to reverse the B-1 decision. We need to deploy the enhanced radiation weapon. We need to accelerate the cruise missile developments.

We should proceed to build a system that will enable us to mobilize more rapidly than is presently the case. We should strengthen our reserves. We should reduce Soviet and Soviet-bloc embassy personnel in the U.S. as a practical means of cutting back their espionage activities. We should work with our friends and allies around the world to develop an understanding on their part that what happens outside the NATO treaty area is of fundamental importance to all of us. We should provide assistance to Pakistan and Turkey, Saudi Arabia and Egypt, and maintain a presence in the Persian Gulf. We should change the law to enhance our covert-action and intelligence-gathering capabilities. We should reconstitute the President's foreign intelligence advisory board.

We should work with the Peoples Republic of China. But we should not use it as a crutch for our own weakness. We did not create the hostility between Red China and the Soviet Union and we cannot ensure that it will be perpetuated. And we should be thinking ahead. I can't tell you whether the next problem will develop in South Korea, Thailand, Saudi Arabia, Yugoslavia, Latin America, or elsewhere. But, to the extent we fail to demonstrate to the Soviets and to the world that we are a credible counterweight to the expansionism of the Soviet Union, we can be certain there will be a next problem.

PRESIDENT CARTER announced publicly that he was going to delay the Senate vote on SALT II although he felt it was a good treaty. This was said when eighty thousand Soviet troops were in Afghanistan. What should he have said? He should have said: I negotiated it, and I am asking the Senate not to act on it until such time as the Soviet Union's behavior is consistent with that of a nation we want to do business

with. But the damage is done. The wrong signal has gone out across the world.

Now what did the President say in his Inaugural Address message? He said that he was determined that the United States would remain the strongest of all nations. Yet his policies over the last three years have prevented that. He said we must face the world as it is, yet for three years he has not done so, and his actions suggest that he is still ambivalent at best. He said we would observe the terms of the SALT II Treaty even if SALT II is not ratified. In my judgment, it was a bad treaty even before Afghanistan. He said we must assure that the Soviets pay a concrete price for aggression. And he boycotts the Olympics. I suppose if the Soviets go into Iran or Yugoslavia, we will boycott Russian vodka. He says that over three years we have improved U.S. security. The truth is that it has been dramatically weakened, and he should know it. He talks of a 3- to 5-per cent real increase in the defense budget which will not begin to fill even the \$38.6 billion shortfall created in the last three years by his Administration. He talks of sending missiles to NATO, yet it was he who stopped the neutron weapon from being deployed by NATO. He talks of helping Pakistan, yet his Administration has spent three years criticizing President Zia and explaining to him that he is unacceptable as a partner.

It strikes me that those who campaigned against our nation's security in 1976 and who have reduced our nation's preparedness over the last three years should not be entrusted with our future. A President must have the fiber, the toughness and the courage to enhance our prospect of maintaining peace and freedom.

I end simply by recalling that our free system has been described as a magnificent gamble. Magnificent because it is; gamble because it's based on the idea that free people, given access to sufficient information, will have the ability to find their way to reasonably right decisions. That is a tremendous responsibility on free people. And each of us has to ask himself the question: When do we know something? When do we register a problem so that it energizes us to act and to fulfill our responsibilities in a manner consistent with the urgency of the problem? New York City didn't go bankrupt in one day. But only when the *New York Times* reported NEW YORK CITY BANKRUPT did it register on people that something was going wrong.

If these views sound "hawkish," so be it. If these views sound partisan, so be it. That's our system. It's a political system, and only through competition among ideas will the American people find their way to reasonably right political decisions. □

The Man with the Golden Head

ONCE UPON a time there was a man named Henry Littlefinger who was so impressed with the ever-rising value of gold that he traded his head, so to speak, for one made of the glittery stuff.

He did this remarkable thing because he, like everybody else in the world who can afford it nowadays, had decided to hoard gold as a hedge against inflation. So he sold almost everything he and his wife, Malphasias, owned, borrowed heavily on the mortgage, and then bought \$37,000 worth of gold.

But no sooner had he bought it than he frowned and said, "What are we going to do with it?"

"Why, put it in a safe deposit vault, of course," said Malphasias.

"That's ridiculous!" snorted Henry. "This beautiful stuff has been dug up so that people can see it. And now you want me to put it back in the ground? The fun of having something of really great value is to show it off. Haven't you ever heard of conspicuous consumption?"

"So put it on the coffee table," said Malphasias.

"Oh, that's not nearly conspicuous enough," snapped Henry.

That was when he decided to go to a goldsmith and have him make him a golden head.

Henry was very proud of his new head. With hinges at either end, it could be slipped over his real head. When he wore it, and he wore it everywhere, he was a golden knight, from the head up anyway.

Unfortunately, people thought he was nuts, even though he told them he was hoarding gold as a hedge against inflation and, therefore, was as normal as the next man. They pointed and snickered, and his boss fired him, declaring that "you've lost your, uh, head."

"They're just jealous," said Henry to Malphasias, "because every day my head goes up in value."

Friends stopped inviting him to their houses—except to a Halloween party, where he was a big hit. A publisher there immediately signed him to write *The Man with the Golden Head*.

It became, of course, a best-seller, and Henry's head became the biggest attraction on television talk shows. Then Hollywood made a successful film of him entitled *Golden Head Now*.

Henry's head became so swollen with success that it took over his entire

body. When you saw Henry, you saw only head.

Unfortunately, it didn't take over Malphasias. Tired of hearing him say, "My beauty is driving them all mad, for there's nothing more gorgeous than gold," she filed for divorce, demanding half his head as community property.

Henry in time came to realize that Malphasias was more important than a conspicuous golden head, or what there was left of it. So he took the remaining part down to the bank. "I don't want to see it any more," he told the teller. "You might as well bury it in one of those vaults."

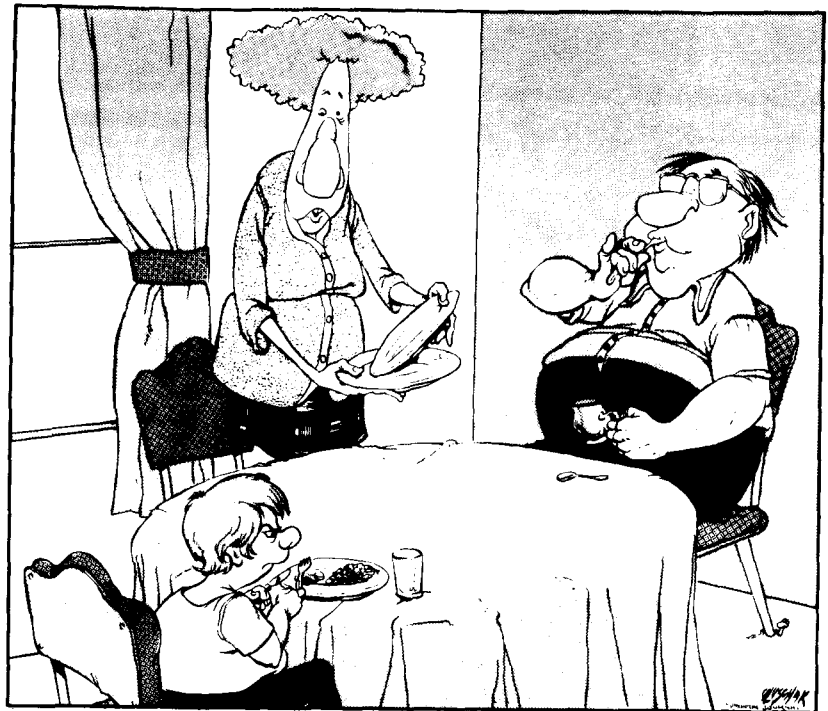
Presto! Friends stopped him on the street. "Hear you're hedging in gold, Henry," they said. "Darned clever!" And Malphasias came home because she said he "obviously has a good head on his shoulders now."

Henry was happy. "The only thing I don't understand," he said with a shrug, "was why anybody dug it up in the first place."

Moral: It's okay to hoard gold and even make a bundle out of it, if you hide the stuff; but when it goes to your head, you're in trouble.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

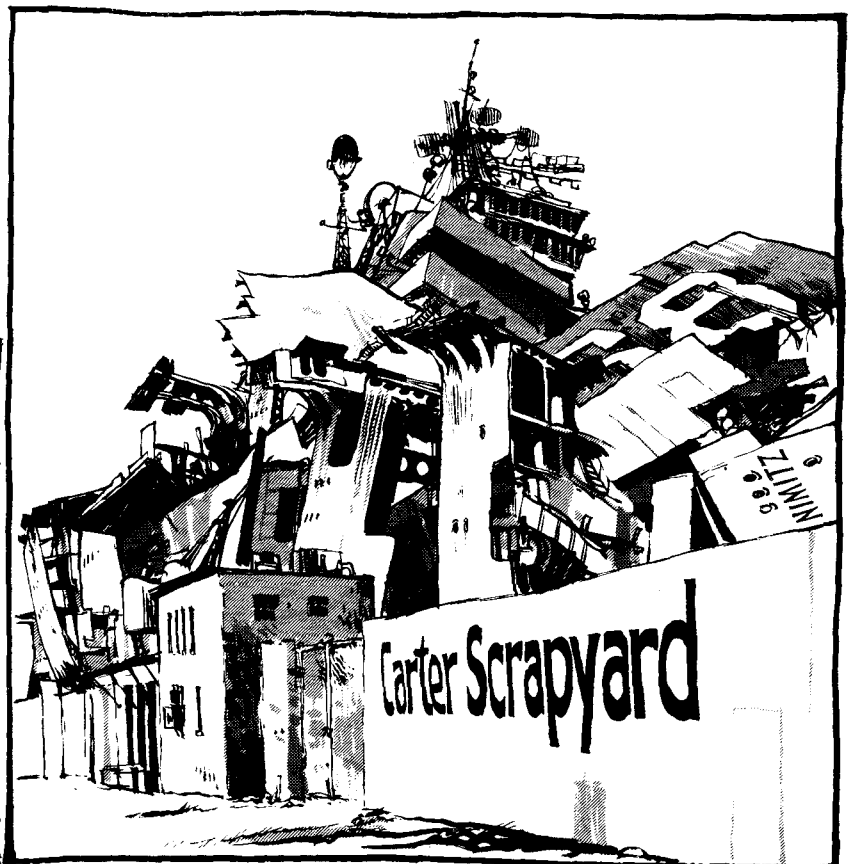
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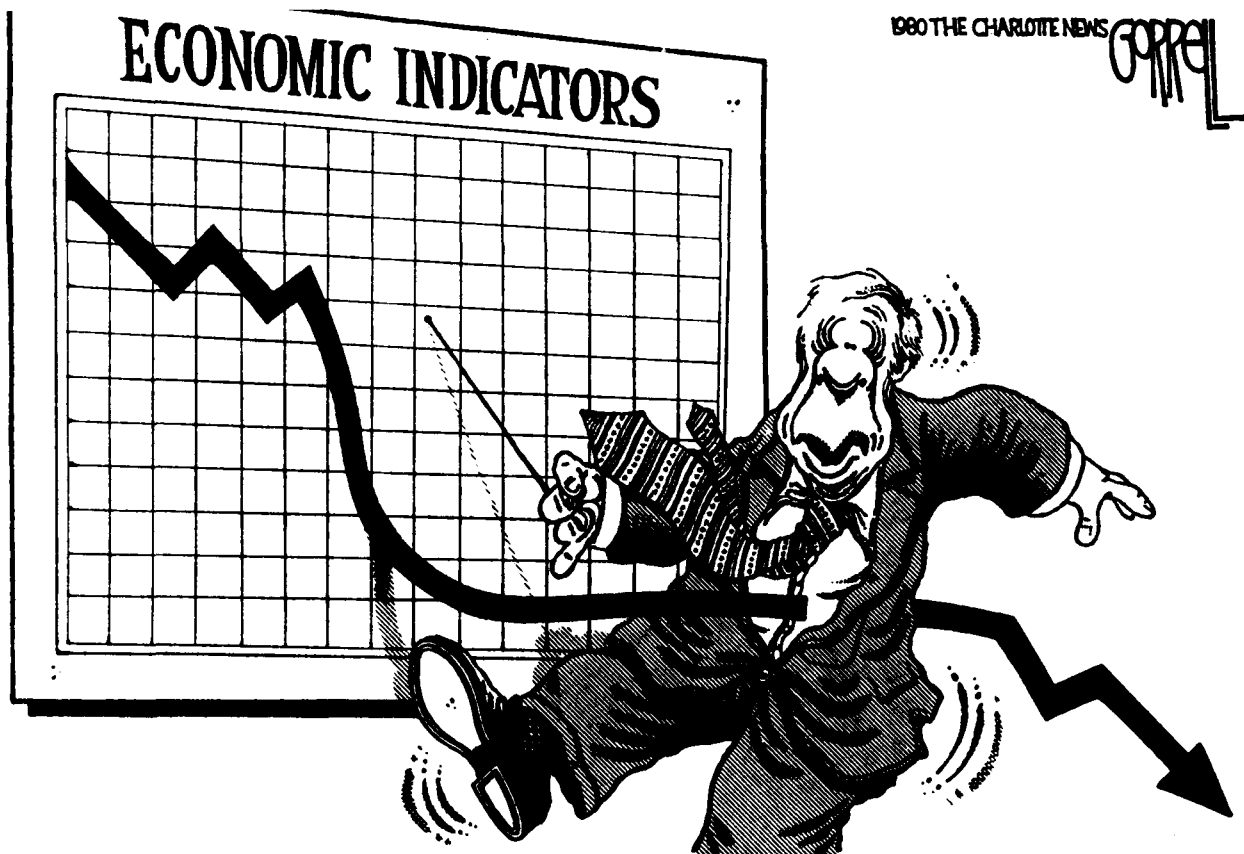


Uluschak

Rothco

"How do you expect to make the Olympic team and boycott the 1992 Olympics if you don't eat your vegetables?"





If Only I Could . . .

Solve the hostages affair,
Set the President aright,
Fly without a *crise de nerfs*,
Write as well as E. B. White,
Earn enough to pay my bills,
Understand Afghanistan,
Find a cure for human ills,
Open one darn sardine can.

CORINNA MARSH



After the Referendum: Canada's New Headaches

DONALD COXE

THE POLLSTERS had wavered in their predictions, so the atmosphere was tense in Canada on May 20. The final tally was an impressive 59.4 per cent No vote on Premier Lévesque's thinly disguised separatist question. The immediate reaction was euphoric, but within hours a feeling of unease began to grow. The separatist snake had been scotched, not killed.

It was Quebecers of Scotch, English, Irish, Jewish, and Italian descent who supplied the victory margin, as French-Canadians divided almost evenly. That half the French rejected separatism was hardly reassuring, given the tremendous campaign waged by federal cabinet ministers like Marc Lalonde, Jean Chrétien, and, most importantly, by an aroused and very emotional Pierre Trudeau. Furthermore, the federalist forces made promises about rewriting the Canadian constitution in Quebec's favor that they may not be able to keep.

Thus the basic question of Quebec's continuance within the Confederation, which has been latent for at least a century, remains unresolved. This means that business capital investment within Quebec will continue at low levels compared with the rest of Canada, thereby widening the gap in economic performance which the separatists have used as a key argument in their propaganda. Despite staggering federal expenditures in Quebec, the province falls further and further behind Ontario, and its lack of oil and gas

of course makes its growth insignificant compared with the West.

And that's where the real problems for Confederation may develop. Western premiers flew to Quebec during the campaign to pledge their support for a new constitution which would shift power from Ottawa to the provinces. Superficially, this implies an alliance between the West and Quebec. However, as world oil prices continue to soar and the federal government continues to hold down the prices of oil and gas, it becomes clear that Canada is divided not just along linguistic and cultural lines, but by resources. Even at the frozen price, the Alberta treasury last year received more than \$1,700 per resident in royalties and lease payments

supposed to negotiate a new pricing agreement for oil and gas with Alberta and British Columbia to replace the deal expiring on July 1. He has virtually declared war on the West, rejecting the claim that a new constitution will include provincial control over resources. The promising new oil discoveries off Newfoundland have turned that poverty-stricken province into a potential Alberta, and have transformed Tory Premier Peckford into a Canadian John Calhoun who argues that the federal government should become a creature of the provinces.

An Elusive Eurydice

Thus the conundrum: the federal government, the federalist forces in Quebec, and every provincial government have pledged to rewrite the constitution and redistribute power from Ottawa to the provinces. But there is no agreement on what the outlines of the new federation should be, and there are powerful economic divisions preventing the development of a consensus. Each time the world price of oil rises \$1 a barrel, a constitutional accord becomes more elusive than Eurydice vanishing from the yearning Orpheus's outstretched arms.

The drama of the referendum campaign, and the intellectual intensity of its debate focused attention on Quebec's demands for greater cultural and economic autonomy. Ottawa has sworn to meet those demands. But the rest of Canada also expects a new deal and will not agree to special concessions for Quebec without important trade-offs elsewhere. As long as the gap between Canadian oil prices and world prices was only a few dollars, the price of concessions to purchase support from the West and

Newfoundland was modest enough. It is now quite costly, and by the time the leaders get down to hard bargaining, if they ever do, it may be out of reach.

The sudden emergence of centripetal forces across Canada makes the nation's future unpredictable. The No vote didn't put the genie back in the bottle: it just sent him on a mischief-making errand across the country. □



Mr. Coxé is NATIONAL REVIEW's correspondent in Canada and works for the insurance firm CIA. He is active in Tory politics in Ontario.

from the oil industry. In comparison, the Ontario treasury received barely \$14 per capita in fees and licenses from the mining and forest industries in that province; and Quebec's take was even lower. At world prices, Alberta becomes a Kuwait federated with the equivalent of New England, New York, and Michigan.

Energy Minister Marc Lalonde is

Selling the Brooklyn Bridge

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

STRANGE DOINGS at the University of Virginia. It's United Fruit Week here, and homosexuals are leaping out of their closets, lining up to be interviewed by the *Cavalier Daily*. And, as if things weren't already weird enough, into this hog-wallow of heightened consciousness slithered Vladimir V. Shustov, the buoyant, cuddly little butterball who serves the keepers of the Stalinist flame as Soviet Deputy Permanent Representative to the United Nations and a member of the Soviet Delegation to the UN General Assembly.

Shustov is immediately likable, a thick-set man in his late forties, dressed to the nines and neat as a pin—he looks like the sort who drives to a sanitary landfill to empty his ashtrays. The smile is quick, gap-toothed, charming. The face is a boyish, intelligent blend of Fiorello La Guardia, Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, and the Olympics' Misha bear, though it suggests neither the candor and conviviality of the Little Flower, nor the gutter-rat thuggery of Ghotbzadeh.

Needle-Nose, Beady-Eye

His topic is "International Security: The Soviet Viewpoint."

Before Citizen Shustov's talk begins, however, we are introduced to someone not on the program: seated immediately to his right is a Russian of a different stripe, a needle-nosed, beady-eyed blond, his hair modishly long, his movements nervous. Throughout the evening he will stare at the doors, his hands, his shoes, but rarely will his gaze wander toward the audience. As Shustov talks he strains his eyeballs hard toward him. When Shustov moves into dangerous territory his companion's eyes almost disappear stage left into their sockets—I expect to hear the muscles snap like

overstressed rubber bands—as he stares without moving his head. The name is quickly slurred past the audience by the bumbling master of ceremonies, but I do hear "Second Secretary to the Soviet Delegation to the UN." He is, I judge, Shustov's KGB baby-sitter, and they each appear to be providing mutual protection against defection and ship-sinking slips of the lip. The Second Secretary will say little this evening, almost nothing, but it is clear that he is not the sort who is in any danger of being taken for Andrew Carnegie. Shustov will refer to him repeatedly, and deferentially, as "my colleague," "my friend," "an old hand at the UN." He appears to be in his late thirties and looks like a *magna cum laude* graduate of the Andrei Vyshinsky Rubber Truncheon School of Diplomacy.

Shustov tells us how happy he is to be in Charlottesville and away, for a while, from New York (not to mention Omsk). He wants our discussion tonight to be "open and frank," though the format, as it transpires, will not serve this ideal. He favors us with a hangnail sketch of U.S.-Soviet relations from America's opposition to the Glorious Revolution and the days when there

were U.S. troops on Soviet soil—a real sore point, it seems, among Russians, since there have never been any Soviet troops on U.S. territory and we all hope, heh-heh, that there never will be. He celebrates with us "your great President Franklin Roosevelt's recognition of the Soviet Government" and reminds us that "our boss" at the UN, Ambassador Troyanovsky, is the son of the first Soviet ambassador to the United States. He waxes positively dithyrambic over our alliance during "The Great Anti-Fascist War," and quickly shifts into a slow, solemn gear to reminisce about "the very sad period" of the cold war. The early Sixties were, according to Citizen Shustov, a real upper, and he happily recalls his days as a member of the Soviet delegation to the Test Ban Treaty talks and his acquaintance with "your present Minister [sic] of Defense, the brilliant scientist, Harold Brown." Then came detente, "although some do not like that name and prefer to call it other things" (the audience titters and Shustov looks hurt), and now we are in a "difficult period in our bilateral relations."

In Re Afghanistan

You guessed it, Afghanistan is one helluva difficult period and, as Shustov approaches it, his quite serviceable English deteriorates alarmingly and the Second Secretary, who has thus far managed to look both nervous and bored, appears to wake up. Shustov starts in the middle, telling us that "Your sanctions, well . . ." A years-long, thick veneer of diplomatic training and experience cannot disguise the contempt he feels for us, and for Jimmy Carter: "Believe me, we can get our chewing gum, our Coca-Cola, and our soccer balls other places, and our grain, too, which we have just now bought from Argentina." The Olympics may be somewhat "impoverished" by an American boycott, but they will go on. But what alarms "my government" even more than these sanctions are the hostile and aggressive actions the U.S. has initiated recently, both before the Soviet Union's "military assistance" (we will hear that phrase—probably memorized phonetically—ten times more tonight) to Afghanistan, and since: our reckless 3 per cent increase in NATO expenditures; Amer-



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ica's hesitation over the SALT II Treaty "after our leaders signed it and embraced each other"; our increased military presence in the Indian Ocean and the creation of a Rapid Deployment Force; and our antagonistic declaration of spheres of "vital interest," a silly "big stick" approach to foreign relations in the face of the good faith the Soviet Union has shown in its desire to proceed with detente. A hearse horse complaining about the weight of the corpse.

Courtesy of Birch Bayh

As for the Soviet "military assistance" to Afghanistan, Shustov repeats the cant formula: the Soviet Union had received ten or so requests for assistance from Afghanistan under the terms of their mutual Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation to help the government resist a U.S.-backed counter-revolutionary movement (here Shustov reads—lovingly—from an American press clipping quoting Senator Birch Bayh's assertion that the U.S. had, in fact, backed a counter-revolutionary movement before the Soviets made their move). When the Soviets arrived—surprise!—they discovered that Hafizullah Amin had been committing "all sorts of crimes: imprisoning priests [gadzooks!] and conducting no fewer than seven purges of the Army [zounds!]," and otherwise thwarting the revolutionary, progressive, and democratic processes of the new government (which of course he founded).

I find myself feeling almost genuinely sorry for Shustov, much as I feel sorry these days for Hodding Carter III. I mean, can you imagine having to earn your living publicly defending the current foreign policy of either of the superpowers? But my sympathy fades quickly during the question-and-answer period. There will be, our moderator cautions us, no "dialogue with our guests." One question, one answer, and—whew!—on to the next question.

"Will you allow free elections in Afghanistan?"

"Certainly. As soon as the outside interference with Afghanistan's affairs ceases." Next question.

"Why did your government exile Sakharov?"

"Sakharov was committing crimes of a sort forbidden by your government as well as ours. [Now who's got a copy of

the *U.S. Code* with him so we can check that?] He was writing letters to Western leaders encouraging them to increase their defense expenditures for potential war with the Soviet Union. And 99 per cent of the Soviet people categorically condemned Sakharov's actions. [Of course, I'd forgotten—that Gallup poll last October.] Besides, Gorky is a good city . . ."

Here, the natural reserve of the American audience breaks down. Even Americans, who want so badly to believe the best of everyone, cannot quite sit still for this. The laughter is universal, cynical, and mocking. Shustov's jaw tightens and the Second Secretary is about to implode. Shustov quickly recognizes a young bearded man.

"We've heard a lot in the last 45 minutes about your 'assistance' to Afghanistan. In 1918 the Ukraine needed your help. In the early Forties Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania cried out for your assistance. In the late Forties you offered military assistance to Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Poland, and East Germany. In 1956 it was Hungary's turn again and in 1968 Czechoslovakia needed its inoculations renewed. Now it's 1980 and Afghanistan is the latest object of your solicitude. What I want to know is: are you going to help out Yugoslavia." Enthusiastic applause.

Poor Shustov. The crowds are never like this back in Nizhny Tagil. He's been shut down so often he's beginning to feel like a nuclear power plant.

"My government has no intentions of interfering with the internal affairs of Yugoslavia or of thwarting the demonstrated will of the Yugoslav people." And on to an attractive young blonde woman. "Just what are these ideological differences between us that you keep talking about?" A poli-sci major, I judge. You can see Shustov's whole body sag with relief. This is the kind of pap he's been praying for, and he drones on for two or three minutes, catching his breath, expounding Marxism and socialism, punching cheap little holes in capitalism and free enterprise.

I am seated front row, center, and have been trying all evening to avoid looking antagonistic. I raise my hand and am recognized quickly. Shustov looks hopeful, going for two easy ones in a row.

"Mr. Shustov, you mentioned earlier that you worked on the Test Ban Treaty in the early Sixties and I'd like to di-

rect my question to one area of disarmament." Shustov smiles broadly, glad to be rid of Afghanistan.

"According to a CBS report, the Soviet Union over the last ten years has stockpiled 350,000 tons of lethal nerve gas and other chemical warfare agents, while the United States during the same period has been unilaterally destroying its supply and is now down to about one-tenth that amount. Further, the Soviet arsenal is reported to be combat ready and backed up by accurate and reliable delivery systems, while most of ours is stored underground where we couldn't get to it quickly even if we wanted to. Speaking, as we have been, of disarmament, coexistence, detente, and improved relations, can you tell me if the Soviet Union in fact has such an arsenal and, if so, why the Soviet Union feels that its security interests require an overwhelming supply of a weapon so abhorrent that even the Nazis refrained from using it in combat? Or do you expect to be able to dispose of it all in Afghanistan?"

"My Government . . ."

Again, there is scattered applause in the audience, and the Little Flower turns to stone. "CBS has no way of knowing that," he replies, declining to enlighten us further. "My government is always ready to enter into multilateral agreements for the destruction of such weapons."

"Come the Revolution," says my wife, "the kids and I head out for the bayous under my maiden name."

The Second Secretary, in the meantime, is boring holes in my head. While Shustov takes the next question, I return his stare. Then he pronounces one word, his first of the evening, softly, not to be heard beyond the first row, but firmly, looking right at me.

"Baloooney," he says, the vowel of the second syllable hanging up in his Slavic throat. I smile my most unpleasant smile at him, and he returns it, nodding slightly but repeatedly. It is, I think, Keith Mano's smile "between firm enemies" who have no illusions.

On the way out I get the Second Secretary's name from the moderator. That's Bidny, folks, Leonid Bidny. He's tough, you bet. Shustov, hell, he could probably be elected mayor of Oakland. But watch out for Bidny. We'll be hearing from him. □

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Our Growing Illiteracy

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

ACROSS THESE United States there is heard the wail that the rising generation isn't learning to read even tolerably well. Everywhere, or nearly everywhere, the standardized tests justify this complaint. Books about this affliction appear almost monthly. But only here and there can one discover any symptom of improvement.

We are told that some fifty million to sixty million adult Americans are functional illiterates—that is, in Mr. George Weber's definition, they "lack the reading and writing ability to cope with the minimal demands of daily living." There is a new book about the illiterates who left school years ago: *Adult Illiteracy in the United States*, by Carman St. John Hunter and David Harman (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95). It was prepared as a report to the Ford Foundation; like nearly all such documents, it is not lively reading. These authors advocate "the establishment of new, pluralistic, community-based initiatives whose specific objective will be to serve the most disadvantaged hard-core poor, the bulk of whom never enroll in any existing program."

Naïve Assumption

This scheme would require a vast enlargement of the educational bureaucracy, and so is most unlikely (present fiscal exigencies considered) to achieve fruition. There seems to run through this report, too, the naïve assumption that illiteracy causes poverty. There are relationships between the two lamentable states, but they are not the relationships of direct cause and effect.

Some of the suggestions for community-based action, nevertheless, are like measures already being undertaken in Detroit to enable schoolchildren from impoverished households to learn to read and write. This is a system called DORT—"Detroit Objective Reference

Test." As Dr. Cecil Goode, director of the program, puts it: "DORT is a single skill-focused management system which provides the maximum possibility for individualized instruction. Diagnostic tests are administered to identify specific deficiencies for each child.

"Every student in the system has an individual profile on which is recorded the level of mastery of objectives. This directs the teacher's instruction to what each child needs to cover.

"The profiles are very important in light of the district's desegregation program and the normally high level of transiency. When a student moves from one school to another, for whatever reason, the profile is transferred. The new teacher knows at a glance, and without losing a day of instruction, what that student's needs and weaknesses are. More, because DORT is in every school, the student is greeted in his new environment by familiar instruction."

In short, DORT is a record-keeping and managerial undertaking, rather than a novel method of instruction in reading and writing. (Three different major systems of instruction are used in different schools within Detroit.) DORT works hard to involve parents in the process. It has gained the cooperation of the *Detroit News* and the local public-television station. An important part of DORT is the Home Curriculum Project, carried on through every "middle school" by para-professionals. Teams of these people help parents teach their children at home.

All this is costly. There are encouraging results: since DORT commenced in 1977, reading scores have improved substantially every year, despite enforced desegregation on a grander scale than before—with its consequent "mobility" of the pupil population. (Even in 1976, the Detroit school district had a black population of 77 per cent.) Dr. Arthur Jefferson, Detroit's superintendent of

schools, thinks that Detroit's schools are commencing to rise up from nadir: "The Sixties and Seventies were watershed years," he says. "We are back to a sense of responsibility for all of us, in terms of resources and expectations. . . . We know more about teaching in terms of learning than we knew in the past."

In Detroit nowadays, any improvement of any sort seems astounding. DORT was made possible in part by federal and state money; local resources alone never could have paid for it.

The recovery of literacy among schoolchildren necessarily is slow in Detroit, or even in places much less afflicted by social distress than is Detroit. The methods of DORT, if persisted in, doubtless will make a substantial difference over three decades, say. It seems to me more promising to concentrate effort and funds upon "middle school" pupils than to attempt to convert the hard-core adult poor into readers and writers. Even under the most favorable circumstances, only a small percentage of adults can be expected to take up in the midst of life those abstractions called language arts.

Unabashedly Attached

There is more wrong with the arts of communication in America than the social circumstances of grim cities like Detroit. To understand the generally decayed state of our language in the land, one may turn to a first-rate recent book by Arn Tibbetts and Charlene Tibbetts, *What's Happening to American English?* (Scribner's, \$8.95).

Unabashedly attached to grammar and recognizable spelling, the Tibbettses (of the University of Illinois) know that language is bound up with truth. "As our public rhetoric becomes more churlish and illogical; as our plays, movies, and works of fiction become more slovenly, violent, and dirty; as our scholarship becomes more pretentious and inaccurate, so our American spirit loses its magnanimity and grows weak and mean-spirited," their moving book concludes. "To abuse language is to abuse the very idea of being human. Wit, kindness, intelligence, grace, humor, love, honor—all require the right employment of language for their embodiment. In the decline of American English may also be seen the decline of the American as human being." □

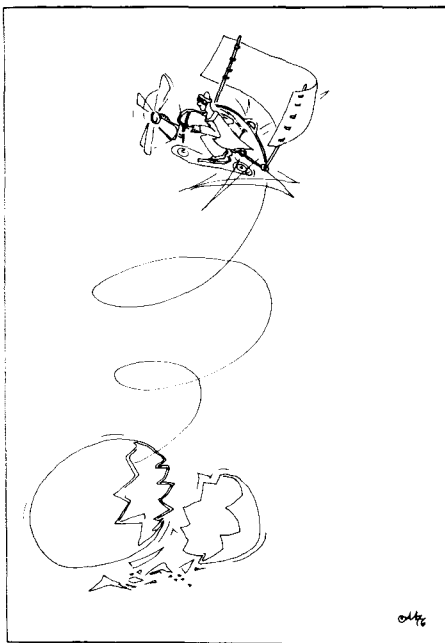
Books Arts & Manners

Idea or Ideology?

PETER WITONSKI

The great American historian Henry Adams has vividly described his own confrontation with the complexities of progress in his moving description of the Hall of Dynamos at the Paris Exposition of 1900. To his positivist guide at the Exposition, the dynamo was a symbol of the nineteenth century's steady progress; but Adams, who had already written his great study of medieval unity, *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, saw the dynamo not so much as a symbol of science but as an occult mechanism. Before he had completed his tour, he wrote, "one began to pray to it . . ." His historical neck, he declared, had been broken, and it had been broken thoroughly and more pervasively than the necks of those scholars who had been undone by the Copernican and Galilean revolutions. One had to go back, he suggested, to that moment in 310 when Constantine set up the Cross to find a more revolutionary version of change; but to say this was to imply that there were forces at work in history more powerful than the dynamo, more significant than natural science, more mysterious than the strange atomic rays that were only just beginning to be discovered in Adams's time. In France, he noted, the Virgin was still felt, and there were those who understood her to be as potent as the dynamo. On his visits to the Louvre and Chartres he had concluded that the Virgin "was the highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four-fifths of his noble art, exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam engines and dynamos ever dreamed of . . ." This was not so much the discovery of an enemy of progress, but of one who viewed his own century's faith in it with skepticism—a man who saw beyond the idea of progress and who understood the deeper aspects of progress in a more historical sense. Earlier in his memoirs he had mocked the idea of progress. How was it, he asked, that the United States had evolved from George Washington to Ulysses S. Grant? Surely, he suggested, this evolution seemed to refute the idea of progress as well as the theories of

Darwin. Grant, he argued, had no right to exist; he should have been extinct for ages. "That two thousand years after Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, a man like Grant should be called . . . the highest product of the most advanced evolution, made evolution ludicrous."



History of the Idea of Progress
By Robert Nisbet

Basic Books, 370 pp., \$16.95

Not all twentieth century readers will, I suspect, find Adams's views to be appealing. That I find them to be full of significance I attribute, in part at least, to the fact that I have been exposed to the writings of Robert Nisbet. That I can now see so easily through the shallow prejudices of certain ideologues I owe again, in part, to the fact that Nisbet has shown me how to see through intellectual shallowness. Now, with the publication of his *History of the Idea of Progress*, he has started me thinking again about a subject I had long since stopped thinking about. Furthermore, he has helped me to rethink the subject in such a way that my understanding of the dynamic of historical progress is far different and far more comprehensive than it was before. Most specifically, he has reminded me that growth and progress—or, at least, some concept of growth and progress—is one of the most vital elements in the history of man. To say this, I hasten to add, is to say something quite different from what the nineteenth century's theologians of progress said. Nisbet makes his point with his usual combination of erudition and rigorous argument. He has come, somewhat to his own surprise, to believe in the idea of progress, although his concept of progress is so far removed from that of Comte as to make it seem a different concept altogether.

Mr. Witonski is writing a book on corporate government for the Smith Richardson Foundation. . . . Mr. Kenny is the author of *Cape Ann—Cape America* and a former book editor of the *Boston Globe*. . . . Mr. Lukac's most recent book is 1945—Year Zero.

RANDOM NOTES

■ **LAST JUNE TITLES:** Marvin Frankel's *Partisan Justice* (Hill & Wang, \$10.95) deplores the willingness of defense lawyers to falsify the truth and explores the ways by which the legal system fosters the practice.

Ronald Clark, the popular biographer, adds another subject to his roster with *Freud: The Man and the Cause* (Random House, \$19.95). Clark attempts to show the degree to which Freud's theories owed their inspiration to biographical circumstance. . . . The late Erich Fromm's *Greatness and Limitations of Freud's Thought* (Harper, \$9.95) argues that Freud's preoccupation with sex left him blind to the powerful influence of social experience.

There is another Hitler book out, this one by Norman Stone, a Fellow of Trinity College. His *Hitler* (Little, Brown, \$12.50) argues that the Führer was both more

popular and, in many ways, a more successful economic planner than is generally supposed. This revisionist trail, however, has been spectacularly blazed by John Lukacs, whose works on the subject are difficult to match.

■ **SOME JULY TITLES:** Walker Percy's fifth novel, *The Second Coming* (Farrar, \$12.95), finds the hero of *The Last Gentleman*, Bill Barrett, still in later life suffering blackouts, still pursuing his former questings. Percy tends to be repetitious, but his song is always sweet enough to bear repeated hearings.

■ **BROKEN RECORD DEPARTMENT:** Alan Crawford's *Thunder on the Right: The 'New Right' and the Politics of Resentment* (Pantheon, \$12.95) discusses Richard Viguerie, Stan Evans, Phyllis Schlafly, YAF, etc., and warns that the New Right speaks to lower-middle-class folks who have a monopoly on "insecurity and resentment." —CW

To put the matter differently, Robert Nisbet emerges from the pages of this book as a man who prefers the progress of the Virgin to that of the dynamo. I suspect—although I have no hard evidence for this—that he has spent many a sleepless night wondering, like Henry Adams, how the United States evolved from George Washington to Jimmy Carter. That evolution, I fear, would have been beyond the capacity of Henry Adams's mind to fathom; it is most certainly not beyond the capacity of Mr. Nisbet's mind, as his readers have known for nearly thirty years now.

There are many ways of looking at progress. Nisbet has concentrated on a broader, cultural sort of progress, which is easier to talk about but more difficult to measure. How, for example, does one measure man's cumulative advance and improvement from fifth century Athens to, say, twentieth century America? What are one's criteria for declaring the differences between these two civilizations to be examples of progress? Perhaps the important thing—at least if one views progress in civilizational terms—is the belief in progress itself. If we do not believe in progress, Nisbet suggests, our civilization may atrophy and die. Yet there are different ways of believing in progress. There is the philosophic way found in the writings of such figures as Hesiod, Polybius, and Joachim of Flora. But there is also a

kind of silent, inexorable trust in progress—a trust that has left its artifacts behind but not its ideology. Those anonymous technicians who invented the stirrup and the iron plough *knew* themselves to be the fomenters of progress, even though they did not use the term progress.

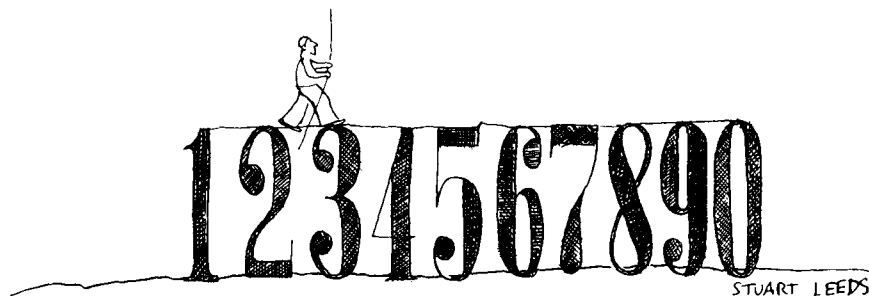
There is still another kind of progress that haunts the literature on the subject, the idea of anthropological progress. In one form—for example, the writings of Teilhard de Chardin—this idea of progress verges on science fiction. Nevertheless, it has inspired ideologists of progress since the fifteenth century. The perfectability of man has been accepted as a reality by most modern ideologists. The Jacobins believed that man was getting better and that a new man would emerge from the events of 1789; the Marxists have long believed in the ultimate emergence of the fabled "New Socialist Man"; and Fascist literature is full of musings on the subject of the new

Master Man. Burckhardt, who had no use for the nineteenth century's idea of progress, nonetheless believed in progress—especially progress of the anthropological sort.

The men of the so-called Renaissance were very much like the positivists of the nineteenth century. For them, all of time was a preparation for their day. For roughly a millennium the arts and sciences had—so it was claimed—lain in Stygian darkness, a long and barren age of barbarism, a stationary period with no progress to boast of. Few serious scholars today believe literally in a rebirth of culture and science during the fifteenth century in Italy, although many view the period that separates Roger Bacon from Francis Bacon, and Thomas Aquinas from Newton, as a period of transition during which the groundwork was prepared for a great explosion in scientific activity. It was a period that produced great art, some great literature, and the discovery of the New World.

Whether the Renaissance was or was not a time of progress is a problem best left to the historians. Nisbet is by no means alone in his low opinion of that age's accomplishments. I tend to have a somewhat higher regard for the progress achieved by the men of the Renaissance, yet, at the same time, I have always tended to view the period—especially the fifteenth century—as "the waning of the Middle Ages."

It is easier to talk about progress, I think, when one limits one's analysis to a single area, such as science or even art. In his seminal work *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, Thomas Kuhn has brilliantly analysed the concept of progress in natural science. Progress in the sciences, he argues, is easier to measure than in other areas because members of mature scientific communities work from a single set of assumptions rather than the multiplicity of assumptions that may exist in other fields.



The result of successful work within a given scientific community can, therefore, easily be viewed as progress. In non-scientific fields, such as philosophy or theology, progress may be said to exist, in Kuhn's words, in the eye of the beholder. We can measure progress in, say, philosophy, but we cannot win universal agreement for our conclusions. There are those, as Kuhn notes, who would argue that there can be no progress in philosophy because there are still philosophers who claim to follow Aristotle and Plato. But surely this does not refute the concept of progress; it does not negate the possibility of progress in Platonism or Aristotelianism.

There have, of course, been periods when even scientists could not agree on the nature of progress. This has invariably happened during periods of flux—for example, at the time of the Copernican and Galilean revolutions—when there are no shared assumptions among scientists, when there are rival schools of science not unlike rival schools of theology or philosophy. Today we tend to dismiss the scientists who backed the wrong school, and yet the historian of progress cannot afford to be so cavalier with his subjects. For example, Tycho Brahe's rejection of Copernicus in the late sixteenth century did not prevent him from revolutionizing astronomy with his emphasis on the importance of observations. The scientists who attacked Galileo, Newton, and Lavoisier were not all foolish obscurantists; many of them served their disciplines well. In our own century Albert Einstein fought a continuing struggle against the probabilistic interpretation of quantum mechanics; but surely we do not scorn him for this one mistake. Nor, I suppose, should we stop reading Hobbes because he believed that he had squared the circle. His work in that area—however wrong-headed—may be said to have contributed to the development of modern mathematics. The solved problem—assuming the solution is widely accepted (even though it may be incorrect)—might be categorized as a kind of progress.

During the nineteenth century the idea of progress, tainted by Darwinian notions, became more rigid. Historians, as the late Herbert Butterfield has observed, began to use such terms as

"natural selection" to explain changes taking place in their own culture. Providence—an idea which, in Butterfield's words, "touches all the intimacies and details of life"—was banished from the intellectual's arsenal and ceased to be an important tool in the evaluation of the nature and meaning of progress. Yet, for all their scientific jargon, the nineteenth century ideologists of progress remain oddly unappealing to our own time. Few twentieth century intellectuals, Nisbet reminds us, seriously embrace such things as the Spencerian First Cause or the Marxian Dialectic. For them to do so would require a faith beyond the power of the present climate of opinion to muster. It is for this reason, I suspect, that Robert Nisbet has devoted considerably more attention than any previous historian of progress to the pre-Comtean theorists of the idea.



Nisbet concludes on a despairing note. Readers of his earlier writings will recognize it, for it has been a part of his vision for some years now. He is not at all optimistic about the future; he has seen, as he has noted in an earlier book, the coming of civilizational twilight, and he remains unsure about the West's ability to survive. At the same time he has noted the flickers of light in the darkness—the vague hints of a religious renaissance, the even stronger suggestions that our political culture is still alive and kicking. As in his other writings, he continues to despair over the plight of our most important values. The idea of progress, he reminds us, is one of those values; and it is a value that must be saved if the West is to survive the flat-earthers who are presently attacking it with their prattle against growth and development. It is odd that many of these enemies of progress march today under the banner of "progressive" ideology, whereas Nisbet, the champion of progress, is a conservative to the manner born.

Nisbet, as I noted earlier, is speaking about progress in its deepest and most profound sense. Like Burke, he understands progress to be the center of civilizational growth and development. That we needed to be reminded of this fact is a sign that things have gone terribly wrong for us in recent years. Yet the very fact that we now have such a

book as Robert Nisbet's *History of the Idea of Progress* gives me cause for hope. It serves to remind me that there is at least one important American philosopher whose views ought to be listened to by the American people. □

Saltbound: A Block Island Winter
By Chilton Williamson Jr.

Methuen, 263 pp., \$10.95

AN OUTERMOST POST

HERBERT A. KENNY

The only man who wants to own an island is the man who never has. Thus Dr. Samuel Johnson, who loved urban life. Block Island is small enough for one man to own (10.8 square miles), and I have been told that the King Ranch in Texas is bigger than the whole State of Rhode Island plus Providence Plantation, of which Block Island is the least of the municipalities.

But Chilton Williamson Jr. found it a microcosm of the outside world—America—when he spent a winter there, commuting from his desk in New York City. He is an ideal disinterested observer: appreciative and detached, appraising but compassionate, with an artist's eye for detail and a historian's gauge for the sweep of events.

By using these two talents in alternating passages of engaging prose (with occasional straining for adjectives: cheilonian and amoeboid), he presents a picture of Block Island as it has come through history and as its residents (year-round and summer) struggle today with a multiplicity of problems: personal, political, and economic.

The book opens with a glossary of names to rival the cast of characters in *War and Peace*, but one of the triumphs of the author's diarial accounts is that we become readily familiar with them all, and indeed with others outside the glossary (all but three the true names of the observed).

We are amused by his landlady's sectarian devotion to the fabulous conceptions of The Great I AM and charmed by her maternal devotion to the author (he has dedicated the book to her). We fret over the problems of the local school, which resemble in part those of Harlem (insufficient discipline, insuffi-

cient monies, and an excess of governmental interventions); we are as interested as he when new owners take over the airport café; we are pained over the bitterness between the leaders of the Block Island Residents' Association and some of the members of the town government (they don't speak). We learn again to appreciate the Periclean democracy of the New England town meeting, huddle with the author in a grinding blizzard, relax with him over drinks and Parchesi with his friends.

The narrative grace gains from the immediacy of detail and incident and the universality of the simple exchanges between the author (who ingratiated himself quickly, although distinctly an "off-islander") and his year-round Island friends.

He presents the history of the Island (in italic type face—the diary is in roman) from the days of the Narragansetts through America's wars, Prohibition (Rhode Island refused to ratify the Amendment), the Depression, and the hurricanes (which destroyed the fishing fleet), down to the most recent noxious political effort by off-islanders to make it the Las Vegas of the East.

That effort may be dead, but the Island is changing, as change it must. Much of what Williamson obviously admires will be lost; other things improved, and something gained. "There are no more islands," Edna St. Vincent Millay cried out; but she was wrong. Block Island is still there; altered, but desirable to the man who knows what he wants. That isn't always what he finds, as the natives say of the strangers who come and settle. One can trust Is-



land natives generally to keep a balance between a decent life and spoliation of of their natural treasure. Williamson's book is somehow redolent with such assurance.

Saltbound deserves a place on the shelf beside Charlton Ogburn Jr.'s unique book *The Winter Beach*, which concentrates on the natural wonders of the whole northeastern seashore, and Henry Beston's *The Outermost House*, which concentrates on isolation on one stretch of that shore. The half-dozen drawings by Gretchen Dow Simpson have a chastity of line admirably suited to the bleak landscape of wind-shorn Block Island. A detailed map of the Island and the town would have been most helpful. □

Arabia

By Jonathan Raban

Simon and Schuster, 344 pp.,
\$11.95

THE SHADES OF ARABIA

JOHN LUKACS

This is a wonderful book, shimmering with many truths. It has many things in common with George Borrow's *The Bible In Spain*, which is one of the greatest travel books ever written. Both books describe exotic countries (Spain was an exotic place in the 1830s), but in both books the main interest of the writer lies in people, all kinds of people, in what they say and what they presumably think; this is more important than the exotic appearances of the landscape and even than the exotic appearances of the men and the women. Borrow was a genius at languages, which is why on occasion he could penetrate the minds and the hearts of people. Raban is not a linguist, though—to his credit—he had attempted to pick up a bit of Arabic before he set out from London; but then, many Arabs speak some English nowadays. Doughty and Lawrence listened to Arabs and talked to Arabs; but perhaps they had not talked *with* them in the way of Jonathan Raban.

He traveled easier than his predecessors. Doughty crossed Arabia; Lawrence careened along its northern edges; Freya Stark rode on camelback on occasion;

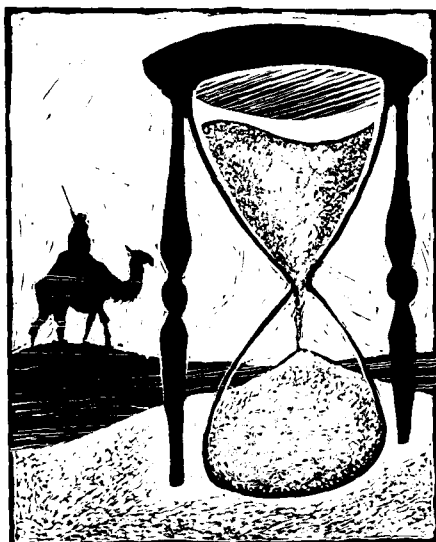
Thesiger marched across The Empty Quarter; Raban flew around Arabia, from place to place. He spent various lengths of time in Bahrain, Qatar, Abu Dhabi, Yemen, Cairo, Jordan, and came home to multi-racial London, "the biggest *souk* of all." The English are still the best travel-writers of the world. He writes neither in wonderment nor with condescension. What fascinates him, and what he easily conveys to the reader, is the multiplicity of reality: the coexistence of the changing, swirling, at times overpowering, often insubstantial evidence of Western, modern, technological ways of living and ways of thinking, with the labyrinthine, plastic, at times overpowering, often insubstantial evidence of Arab ways of living, of thinking, of speaking. Will this world become one gigantic Holiday Inn? Or will it break up into more and more tribal fiefdoms? Does the crack on the plate glass amount to anything? Or will it crackle and shudder across the picture-window like a Star of Smitheren? Raban doesn't know; I don't know; but what he recounts of Arabia at least suggests the question. For the realities in Arabia are a living denial of everything that is being thought and taught in the West (and perhaps especially in the United States) about the "realities" of economics and of politics. The peoples of Arabia survived the desert and the sandstorms; they will survive the Holiday Inns and the inflation. They survived poverty and famine; they will survive the money-glut of oil. What is happening now in Arabia is not their Wave of the Future, not their Economic Take-Off. It is but one chapter—and probably not a very long one—of their histories.

I write "histories" because the Qatars, the Saudis, the Cairenes, the Yemenis, the Jordanians are very different. There is little in *Arabia* that suggests the rise of one enormous tidal wave of an Islamic revolution, of a supranational (or even trans-national) brotherhood.

It may come—with the help of television. Meanwhile,

*Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon*

as Walter de la Mare wrote perhaps eighty years ago. That was the day of Mad Dogs and Englishmen; but their day is gone, and so is that of the Arabian Princes who no longer ride but who



are driven in the midday sun, here and there, in their air-conditioned Cadillacs. The air-conditioning of Arabia has indeed begun. I doubt that it will be completed. □

TELEVISION

GOOD NEWS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

One of the forces we should not forget in this election year is one that got a lot of attention, thanks to Jimmy Carter, in 1976: evangelical (or "fundamentalist") Protestantism. We were briefly conscious how large a portion of the nation this means. "If one identifies Fundamentalism with belief in biblical inerrancy," writes Jesuit Thomas Clancy, "then 42 per cent of American adults must be so classified."

Usually the media do an excellent job of screening such people out of the national consciousness. Hence they could be portrayed, in 1976, as a novelty or fresh discovery, though they are the kind of people you may encounter all day long on days when the TV is left off. To watch TV, in fact, you would think them less numerous than blacks, or even philandering Texans; whereas in point of fact they are, if Father Clancy's figure is correct, nearly as numerous as women.

Lately there has been a lot of talk, mostly by worried liberals, about "the

electronic church." TV preachers are nothing new: Billy Graham, Herbert W. Armstrong, Oral Roberts, Reverend Ike, and of course Bishop Sheen have long made profitable use of the medium. What worries the liberals, I suspect, is that the evangelicals are now learning to use the mass media to attain political goals.

Regularly cited as among the most sinister of the new TV evangelists is Jerry Falwell, whose conservatism makes no apologies. If he demanded the nationalization of giant oil companies, Falwell would be hailed as an activist who brought social conscience to religion. But what Falwell demands is very different. He demands the preservation of the family—against the attack of government and commercial forces. Hence he is deplored as a threat to the separation of church and state.

I have twice tuned in on this sinister being, who it transpires is about as menacing as the corner grocer. He is currently presenting a series under the title "America, You're Too Young to Die," for which he has purchased air time in every major TV market in the country. Beefy and genial, Falwell seems about to smile even when he makes his somberest warnings about decadence.

His method is not to harangue, but to marshal witnesses: in the course of an hour he may show you a documentary film, a U.S. senator, a Christian psychologist, and a kind of chorus line of devout parents with their children, all modestly dressed, perfectly groomed, courteously behaved. Soloists and choirs sing hymns. Falwell seems as much a religious Lawrence Welk as a preacher. What you see is the community he heads, the kind of people he represents, not just himself. It's an epitome and maybe a portent.

When several hundred thousand evangelicals marched in Washington recently, the incident rated little mention in the news. When half as many antiwar activists did the same in 1969, it was treated as an event of major importance. The difference signifies more than media people's predilections. It shows a failure of perception among those who profess to tell us what is happening in the nation. They are closely attuned to the sort of rootless young people who make a hobby of demonstrations and can as easily materialize for an anti-nuke rally as for a rock concert. They

are purblind to the millions who go to church on Sunday, stay home at night, and don't raise their voices, or march on Washington, unless they mean it.

Falwell is a sign of the times. Traditionally these people may have been more or less conservative in their politics, but they have carefully kept politics and religion separate. They have, reluctantly, changed. Why?

My guess is that now, for the first time, they feel that politics itself has come to impinge on the sacred. Honest graft they can tolerate. War on morality, on the structure of the family itself, is another matter. They would leave politics alone if they felt it was leaving them alone; but they see that it isn't.

Falwell speaks firmly, calmly, with a glint of humor, about the current tendency of government to foster and accelerate bad trends: promiscuity, divorce, homosexuality, and abortion. Despite liberal propaganda on the subject, I have never heard a Catholic clergyman—not in my church, at any rate—speak as forthrightly against abortion as Falwell does. Though I agree with him, I found myself reacting with shock, as to indelicacy, when he discussed the matter in church. It was not his fault but my custom that caused this reaction. (Gay rights? "The Bible says God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.")

WHAT is often overlooked is that the evangelicals are by no means in Jimmy Carter's pocket. They don't vote on the basis of sectarian loyalty. They vote for the man they perceive as likeliest to do the most good. Carter has allowed, and even helped, the bad trends to gain momentum under his Administration. He has appointed lots of Midge Costanzas and Bella Abzugs; but people of evangelical convictions? They don't demand personal "representation" in the usual sense. They do know that Jimmy Carter has done the things they hold sacred no favors.

All of which could redound hugely to the benefit of Ronald Reagan, who is too closely attuned to these people to run around quoting Bob Dylan and being interviewed by *Playboy*. Friendly though he is to everyone, Reagan has no visible inclination to ingratiate himself with liberal opinion. Carter got his mess of pottage in 1976, but he may find the deal didn't include a second helping in 1980. □

DELECTATIONS

BIBULOUS BOOSTERS

NIKA HAZELTON

Compared to the way it is in Europe, wine is not a way of life in the United States. However, a lot of people (quite apart from the producers of the noble fluid) are pushing to make it so. Among the pushers are wine educators, amateur wine lovers' groups, and large societies such as Les Amis du Vin (The Friends of Wine). The pushing includes constant tastings of domestic and foreign wines of every kind and denomination, the results of which are passed on to our teeming millions. All of these tasting and writing groups are very serious about their business. They carry out the tasting rituals faithfully: from the first critical glance at the color of the wine, the swirling of the glass, the deep, deep sniff, to the sipping and tasting by rolling the wine around one's mouth (a procedure which invariably reminds me of the unhappy days when I had to feed children given to rolling their peas from cheek to cheek). However, it all serves a worthy cause.

The outstanding group among those who popularize wine is Les Amis du Vin, America's largest and longest-lived tasting society. Started back in 1964, it has over fifty thousand members in over two hundred cities, including chapters in Aroostook County, Maine, Hereford, Texas, Wood River, Idaho, and Anchorage, Alaska. The Friends of Wine have also spilled over into the Bahamas, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Italy, and Japan. Here is what they do:

Wine tastings are the center of their activities, since the purpose of Les Amis du Vin is to introduce members to the largest possible variety of good old and new wines and encourage them to make wine part of their daily meals. Each chapter conducts between six and 12 tastings a year—sit-down affairs where everybody is served at the same time. Nearly always there is an expert present to talk about the wines, to answer questions, and to consider the opinions of the member tasters. These affairs are paid for separately from membership fees (membership costs \$20 a year for

singles or families, \$10 for students), and the tab depends on the eminence and importance of the wines: one may pay \$60 dollars or more for a tasting of rare Burgundies, \$15 or \$20 for new California wines. Whatever the wines involved, I know from experience that these tastings are excellent buys. It is also interesting to review the wines tasted by the various chapters over the years, as they—wines and chapters—have become increasingly sophisticated. Les Amis du Vin can be proud of the way it has educated its members to appreciate better and better wine.

WHAT I ALSO appreciate about the group is that its members don't go in for those fancy, pseudo-medieval dress-ups and ceremonials so beloved of certain societies which have forgotten that such affairs were first dreamt up by French wine producers and merchants (such as the Burgundian Chevaliers du Tastevin, founded by the Burgundian wine trade) who had had trouble selling their product. When you see their get-ups and rituals you can only agree with the poet who said that the child is father to the man.

The moving spirit behind Les Amis du Vin is Ron Fonte, owner of the corporation, its president, and also editor of its interesting journal, *The Friends of Wine* magazine. He came to wine via a PhD in American Studies, lecturing at George Washington University, and editing *American Studies International*. He was also the youngest person ever to become a Fulbright Professor—this in Bologna, Italy, where his love for wine started to blossom. When he came back, tired of academia and knowing how to edit, he found a job on *The Friends of Wine* magazine and betook himself to his present occupation. Ron Fonte endeared himself to me on a journalists' trip to the Sherry Festival in Jerez, Spain (which I wrote about at the time in *NR*) where most of our colleagues were passionate liberals. I don't know what Ron Fonte's politics are, but he and I were the only ones in our group to go to the ceremony where prizes were given to the actual vineyard and bodega workers—an event our liberal colleagues did not find worthwhile when they could pass time with the bodega owners. (I must say that Ron Fonte's good-looks also endeared him to the Festival Queen and her Maidens.)

Les Amis du Vin also offers other amenities to its members. There is a Wine of the Month program which allows members to buy different wines each month from participating stores. There are gourmet dinners arranged by the various chapters and wine trips to Europe at reduced rates. People who are not sociable may scorn the camaraderie and friendships generated in Les Amis tastings. However, I think they are a lot of fun—as, obviously, do many others, or there would not be as many wine-pushing establishments around as there are.

How many hobbies do you know of that can be as inexpensive as you like, as much given to variety, and as pleasing to one's friends and neighbors as wine? □

The GIMLET EYE

WISDOM TEETH

D. KEITH MANO

"I think dentistry is finished as a profession. I think it's all over."

To quote Dr. Robert Reiss. Dr. Robert Reiss is one of the most important men in America: Dr. Robert Reiss supervises my teeth. There is stout intimacy between us. I'd recognize the back of his left hand in an applauding crowd. His eyes, up close, through double magnification, are almost solar: Dr. Reiss is 51: athletic, trim to a double fault. And witty: he can make me laugh clamps and cotton swabs out. His own teeth are prominent, even a bit cocky: as tuned-up as Lee Iacocca's personal car must be. People fly by Concorde from Europe to spend one hour with Robert Reiss. In his waiting room a Broadway critic will hide behind *Newsweek* while Broadway actors exeunt past. Teeth level us; they have terrible self-importance. Missing her right front incisor, Bo Derek would be a 2½. The God who created hard food gave men teeth to remind them of corruption and swift mortality. Hell has no Novocaine. When Eve picked that primeval McIntosh, God said, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. And break a filling on it."

At the moment, as we eat sushi, Dr.

Reiss is displeased. "I hear stories of what goes on. And I see the evidence. Too many dentists are slobs—they slap things in people's mouths that don't fit. You take an X-ray and you see the filling, instead of being in a tooth, it's hanging in between two teeth. It's really nauseating. I think in our society it's not caring, not taking pride in what you do. Like the bus driver driving with all the seats wet. It's not his job to wipe the seats. It's lack of involvement. It's dirty. If you think that everything you do is for yourself, not the patients—after all you can fool a patient—then maybe you'll continually receive gratification. Most bad dentists are bad because they hate what they're doing.

"I know a lot of guys who got trapped into dentistry. Their fathers were dentists: since father had a connection with the school, they got in." I mention two young dentist friends: one of them is now an actor, one a writer. They wanted audiences who could respond without gargling Lavoris first. "I admire that. I taught for 17 years at NYU. During the Sixties many kids began to say No. They said, 'Let my parents do this if they want to, I'm not going to.' In many schools, even at NYU, they don't strive for excellence any more, they strive for 'adequacy.' The government, the school, they call it 'adequate dentistry.' Don't redo it, it's adequate. At NYU they created a three-year dental school instead of a four. The student didn't know enough as it was, so they cut a year off. And that's when I resigned my assistant professorship. Now they're putting the year back again because they found that the students were failing the state board exams."

TRAPPED, TOO, by money. "You know what the tuition today is in dental school? \$16,000 per year. That's \$64,000 you owe before you start. Then you have to build an office: probably another \$80,000. They can't afford private practice. What you get now is these shopping mall dentists. They're not looking to do good dentistry. They're being paid minimal wages. And the guy who owns the place is being paid a minimum fee from a third party—an insurance company or something. You have no relationship with the patient, there's no continuity. The level of dentistry in the United States is now going to go down to the level in England or

other places where unfortunately it's been nationalized. I don't think nationalization is bad. Because if you enjoy your work and get a damn good salary, you could function without wondering how to get paid. But it doesn't work that way. Salaries under nationalization are no incentive."

"Right now the Teamsters Union, for instance, has what they call a 'Closed Panel' where dentists pay a certain amount of money to be on the list of dentists the union will recommend to their members. It's totally illegal. And it's happening all over the country. They agree to take the fee which is set by the union: maybe one-third of my fee. There's a plan whereby the union will pay the dentist \$125 per person to do three fillings, a cleaning, some X-rays and maybe an extraction per year. The cleaning isn't really a cleaning, it's polishing. So if the dentist gets three hundred people from that union he's grossed something over \$30,000 a year. Volume dentistry, but no quality. And the dentists are paying the union part of this money, so it's like a kickback, like fee splitting. The union member gets it for nothing. He gets nothing for nothing. It's ridiculous.

"And now with advertising. I have a friend who works for an advertising mill. He was a failure; he could never hack it alone. Now he works for someone else, picks up his four or five hundred a week and does whatever lousy dentistry he feels like doing without being responsible.

"The young dentist is both undertrained and in debt. He has to work for a small office or a mill or some union plan. The patients come through the way they come through a supermarket. The love, the fun in dentistry is relating

to patients. But a union plan won't pay you to go over nutrition or study the tissues or try to hang on to loose teeth—they want those teeth yanked. It's terrible. In the next ten years, as the present breed of dentist dies out, Americans will be offered a lower and lower standard of tooth care. It's going to be like McDonald's: fast-food dentistry."

Not a cheerful forecast. To paraphrase the old saying: you are what you can eat. Mush. □

(NEXT ISSUE: WHAT YOUR MOUTH IS SAYING)

FILM

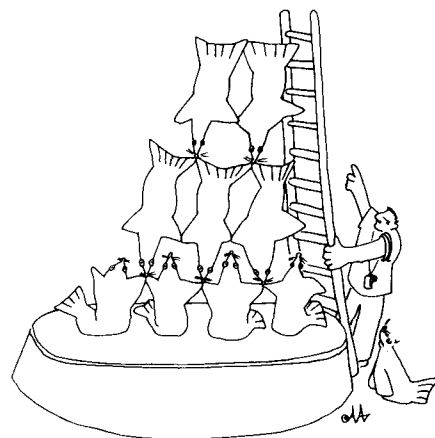
HORRIBLE VISU

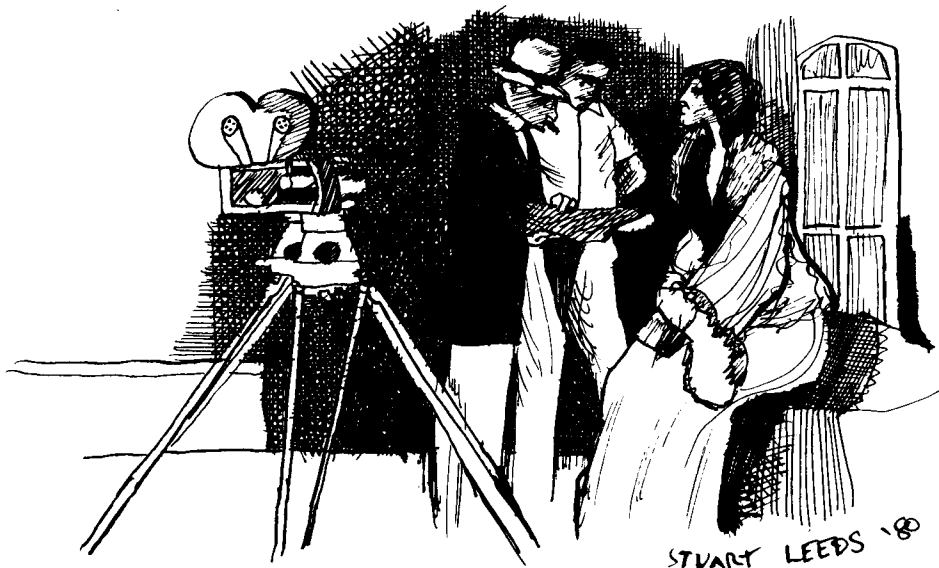
JOHN SIMON

Except for the mystery film, no genre requires more rigorous logic than the horror movie. The supernatural forces may be as weird as they like, but they must play by some set of rules. If ghosts, for example, cannot cross water in the first reel of the movie, they must not trip it merrily across a lake by the second reel. Rigorous consistency provides that modicum of credibility that allows for suspension of disbelief; without belief in it, the horror merely strikes the mind as horribly silly. It may be that in any case, but the point is to let the spine enjoy its brief *frisson* while it may.

Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* is bad in many different ways, the worst of which is surely that it does not scare us in the least, because its horror abides by no rules. I do not know the underlying novel by Stephen King but am told that Kubrick and his co-scenarist, Diane Johnson (a not ungifted writer in quite different genres), have played fast and loose with it. Illogic is piled up so high that the most supine mind should feel superior to it, if I may coin a paradox. Even the basic premise, that the enormous and luxurious Overlook Hotel in the mountains of Colorado would close down for five winter months rather than function as a ski resort, is as preposterous as anything that follows; inaccessibility and snowdrifts are no explanations in 1980.

Next, we are to swallow that this vast





hotel will hire for a given winter one measly, totally inexperienced outsider to see to its upkeep. Jack Torrance, an ex-schoolteacher struggling with a novel, accepts this job even though his wife, Wendy, will have nothing to do for five months and their six- or seven-year-old son, Danny, will obviously be missing school. The Overlook, it seems, has a doubly guilty past: it was sacrilegiously built on the site of an old Indian burial ground (though when the ghosts start materializing, there is nary a red one among them—all whitened by the sepulcher, no doubt); and the previous caretaker went stir-crazy and butchered his wife and two daughters with an axe before killing himself (the daughters' ghosts, however, are the wrong ages and have British accents—for no better reason than that Kubrick now lives and works in England). Credibility be damned—along with the dead.

When the Torrances settle in for the winter, they must use the hotel's huge kitchen (no smaller facility anywhere?) and, though their isolation is an obvious economy measure, they keep all the lights burning to produce an electric bill bigger than in mid-season. They are supposedly a happy family, even if Jack had a drinking problem that once drove him to dislocate his son's shoulder; in penance, Jack gave up alcohol. Now all seems to be right again, but the film never establishes anything tangible about the family and their relations. Is Jack Torrance a genuine writer? Do Jack and Wendy love each other? Does the Overlook drive them crazy because they are already flawed? Is Danny's gift

of "shining"—some form of ESP that operates on so many contradictory levels as to present a hopeless tangle in itself—connected with his imaginary friend, Tony, a boy who lives in and talks through Danny's mouth while also activating his index finger? Or is Tony with his *basso profundo* a mere bow to *The Exorcist*? Is or is not Danny compensating for parental neglect?

As usual, Kubrick exhibits his basic inability to deal with people—the single, and not entirely successful, exception being *Paths of Glory*). Except in *Dr. Strangelove*, where the characters were meant to be cartoons, Kubrick's comic-strip approach to mankind has proved steadily detrimental. 2001 became amateurish the moment it forsook apes, hardware, and special effects for people. *A Clockwork Orange* reveled in the iconography of the future as *Barry Lyndon* did in that of the past, always to the detriment of the characters. In two and a half wearying hours, *The Shining* fails to establish a single man, woman, or child.

What about the ghosts when, at long last, they do appear? Every Torrance sees them sooner or later, but it remains unclear why at one time and not at another, and whether different Torrances see the same ghosts, and if not, why not. Sometimes the implication is that it is all in people's minds, sometimes that it is all palpably real, and the two dispensations alternate with dizzying inconsistency. Key plot developments are left unexplained. When Jack, with intent to kill, pursues his son through the snow-laden topiary maze outside the hotel,

he has to limp to give the child a sporting chance; the source of the limp, if it ever existed, rots on the cutting-room floor. After Wendy manages to lock the murderously mad Jack into the larder, we are not shown how he gets out. Clearly the ghostly butler did it; but, if so, why doesn't he help Jack with other locked doors?

There are dozens of such glaring contradictions lying in ambush for the most willingly suspended disbelief. Why, for example, does the hotel's cook, also gifted with shining, come all the way from Miami to help Danny at great expense and risk (and without taking minimal safety measures), though he offered little or no warning when there was still time? Yet the ghosts are even more inconsistent than the people; some can see and talk to Jack; others can't, though they rub shoulders with him. Some ghosts are young and strapping, some turn hideously old when clasped, some are already mouldering skeletons. Danny is haunted by two recurrent visions: the little girls inviting him to play, which makes ghostly sense; and torrents of blood pouring from an elevator shaft until an entire corridor is awash in gore, which does not. Who would have thought two little girls and their parents to have had so much blood in them?

There are other problems related to Kubrick's megalomania. The film must be big at all cost, thus everything is dragged out beyond its usefulness. Danny, pedaling along in his little car through the Overlook's corridors covers more ground than the contestants in an international racing event—merely to provide our technology-struck director with a crack at the longest low-angle rear-tracking shots in movie history. The final chase in the snowy maze takes long enough for a Theseus to have slain a dozen Minotaurs, and for us to succumb to the most drawn-out anticlimax in the annals of cinema. And wouldn't Danny have been just as safe in his initial, indoor hiding place? What drives him out where he would logically freeze to death even before he could be chopped up by the paternal axe?

And still more forms of absurdity. Throughout the film, we get title cards, e.g., "3 O'CLOCK," "TUESDAY," or "SATURDAY"—as if what was being recorded were D-Day or the bombing of Hiroshima rather than merely Kubrick's de-

lusions of grandeur. And for weeks on end Jack types away fanatically at his novel; when Wendy finally looks at the manuscript, it is several hundred pages' worth of one sentence: "All work and no play make Jack a dull boy," albeit in the most diverse and complex typographical arrangements. With such talents as a typographer, who needs to turn out novels? And if a man is that far gone even before his crackup, wouldn't his wife have had sufficient cause for action earlier?

Finally, *The Shining* was shown at first with an epilogue that put a very different light on the proceedings; when audience responses proved unfavorable Kubrick simply took his axe to it and lopped it off, putting a quite changed interpretation on plot and characters. Can anyone with so little loyalty to his vision be seriously considered an artist?

Jack Nicholson hams atrociously from the outset; Shelley Duvall is better, but unable to fashion a whole character out of disparate fragments; little Danny Lloyd is as obdurately dour as other child actors are relentlessly cute. One thing the film does teach us; stymied creators are a bad lot; if they don't murder their families, which is bad enough, they come up with things like *The Shining*, which is worse. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TUMULTUOUS MERRIMENT, by Heywood Hale Broun (Marek, 278 pp., \$8.95). Visually he is unforgettable. Nattily attired in a crazy-quilt sport jacket the fabric of which could garb either a horse or "manic grave-plot salesman," Heywood Hale Broun is clearly the thinking man's sports analyst for CBS's Saturday evening news. The bizarre wardrobe, an early concession to show biz, now remains merely as signature, for the commentator whose exquisite blend of classical erudition and common sense requires no pyrotechnical accessories to augment his masterful style. This splendid volume enhances the elegance of his polished essays, which are sometimes diminished by the fleeting nature of their electronic transmission. Savor the prose that transcends the clichés of his contemporaries. Recalling Secretariat's retirement: "The light was red at that hour, and so were the leaves, dappled with snow, which the big horse was spurning under his hooves. The sky framed and contained all that red with its intense deep blue, and in the middle of this perfect

setting the horse suddenly lifted his head and went diagonally across his domain at an odd gait, a majestic extended trot of the kind it takes a long time to teach in the show ring." His love of sport is never reduced to PR flackery: "Economic realities which seem uniformly to be aesthetically disastrous decree that old ball parks must be torn down because of their limited capacity and replaced with cement saucers, which are as inviting as the stainless-steel washbowls in an operating room." Chiding coaching mystique, Broun wryly notes: "... if they are simply teaching a diversion they will be paid, like dancing teachers and English professors, in a meager manner. It is obviously to their financial advantage to pose as saviors of youth, muscular alchemists who can block and shoot baskets." A veritable oasis in the arid desert of Garagiola and the "Greek."

ALAN L. MILLER

TEACHING AS A CONSERVATIVE ACTIVITY, by Neil Postman (Delacorte, 244 pp., \$9.95). In a technology, Mr. Postman argues, education should be "thermostatic," i.e., provide feedback to balance dominant biases: "What is necessary is an alternative to what the culture is doing." What ours is doing is television ("the first curriculum"). By showing only one kind of truth, TV destroys truth. "The content of TV is like a vaudeville show in which there are only acts." It is discontinuous, incoherent, unstructured, authoritarian, violent—in short, highly satisfying to children of all ages. It is the primary pattern of information for young Americans and, by making them aware of more and more events over which they have no control, nurtures in them an environment hostile to thinking and receptive to totalitarian ideas. Aldous Huxley said some of this but not so forcefully; he wasn't threatened by the development in the way Neil Postman, the young head of New York Uni-

versity's School of Education and editor of *ETC.* magazine, clearly is. Put crudely, Postman tells our schools: forget the statisticians and quantifiers; leave the Salvation Army, social guilt, ethnicity, and psychoanalysis (also sex) alone; dump relevance; learn and teach history and languages, and accept Standard English as our dominant dialect (the National Council of Teachers of English gives students "a right to their own language" but raps them over the knuckles if they use "Chairman"); hold television up to some healthy ridicule (*MAD* magazine does it all the time); get some order into the classroom, and that includes a dress code (and *that* includes teachers). GEOFFREY WAGNER

FAMILIAR TERRITORY—OBSERVATIONS ON AMERICAN LIFE, by Joseph Epstein (Oxford, 204 pp., \$11.95). Collections of "familiar essays" invariably suffer in troubled times. Joseph Epstein, an academic whose reputation exceeds his efforts, writes very well on small subjects. He writes so very well, in fact, that the anthologists and textbook writers must be anxious to reprint his stories: they are wonderful examples of the kinds of essay inflicted on college freshmen as guides to writing. Epstein is a master of the form, which, it seems, is necessarily elongated: Russell Baker, among others, does a better job in half the space. Epstein writes on American life and all too often practices whimsy where wit would be better. His essays are pleasant, and they are, in the main, harmless. His observations are sound. In the mandatory piece on language, he predictably describes himself as a "language crank." In another essay, he criticizes the usually sacrosanct Harrison Salisbury. In another he discusses publishing today. He writes on running, television, jokes, psychiatry, clothing, and the "boutiquification of America." In "The Opinionated Librarian" he takes the reader through his



STUART LEEDS '80

bookshelves, and reveals himself as a bibliophile.

JOE MYSAK

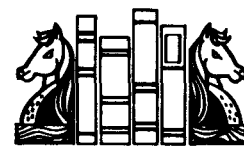
THE LAW OF THE LAND, by Charles Rembar, (Simon and Schuster, 447 pp., \$15). Mr. Rembar's book traces the evolution of the Anglo-American legal system to the present day. The material covering the period prior to the American Revolution is to a large degree taken from earlier legal historians. The style, analysis, and commentary—quite properly—take advantage of developments in the law and legal phraseology which had not occurred at the time of events under discussion. The point of view is that of a modern American lawyer who is a political liberal but not a leftist, viz., Mr. Rembar. The book is thorough—too much so, I would surmise, for the lay reader. The legal profession interested in this subject will find the work deserving attention but will regret the absence of citations to the treatises, statutes, and cases referred to. A more detailed comparison of the changes in American criminal law with those in English law at the time of the American Revolution—despite the fact that our Bill of Rights is primarily a statement of English criminal law and procedure at that time—would have been rewarding.

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

THE ENGLISH MUSICAL RENAISSANCE, by Peter J. Pirie (St. Martin's Press, 270 pp., \$16.95). Britain, supposedly stripped bare of musical genius since the death of Purcell, has in the twentieth century proved the pessimists wrong. Such composers as Sir Edward Elgar, Frederick Delius, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Sir William Walton, Gustav Holst, and Benjamin Britten have all enriched the classical repertoire with a force challenged only, among contemporaries, by the Russians. Yet while a lifetime of research has gone into this study, it is badly marred by flaws of style and bias. Assembled on a strictly chronological basis, it often resembles a laundry list. Worse, however, are the overemphases upon such lesser artists as Arnold Bax and Frank Bridge (Pirie wrote a biography of Bridge and seems determined to drag his scholarship into this work) and the denigration of such authentic geniuses as Vaughan Williams and Holst, who are too conservative and not sufficiently avant garde for Pirie's sophisticated tastes. He is at his best when he abandons the harness of chronology and adheres to a freer narrative form, as he does in the case of Elgar. But, even here, he drags in the issues of caste and class to give some added "progressive" bona fides to this largely Victorian artist. While it is encouraging that a study of this musical school has been produced, this particular volume provides little reason to applaud.

DAVID PIETRUSZA

Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

AT THE RECENT national meeting of the Philadelphia Society, I had the honor of sharing a platform with one of the most unusual and provocative thinkers in our era—Professor Stanley L. Jaki of Seton Hall University.

Father Jaki (he is a Benedictine) is a rarity in the intellectual world, a theologian who is also a theoretical physicist. He has used the skills derived from these two disciplines to demonstrate, in a veritable one-man library of mind-stretching books, the close connections that exist between the religious faith of our society and its attainments in the field of science. The conclusions emerging from this exercise amount to nothing less than a complete rewriting of our intellectual history.

Two of the recent volumes in which Jaki approaches this awesome subject are *The Origin of Science and the Science of Its Origin* (Regnery/Gateway, \$4.95) and *The Road of Science and the Ways to God* (Chicago, \$15.95). To summarize the erudition of these pages is far beyond my meager powers, but let me begin by saying that Jaki's views have nothing in common with the usual "reconciliations" of faith and science, which wind up hiding religious belief in some non-rational closet while abandoning the world of rational thought to the untender mercies of agnosticism.

Jaki's thesis is the opposite of this conventional treatment—contending that the rules and habits of scientific inquiry, and the attainments of Western science, are products of the Western religious vision. Science as we know it, he observes, could not exist in ancient Greece or China, despite the otherwise impressive record of these societies, because the necessary intellectual preconditions did not exist. These were provided only by the advent of Biblical theism.

In pagan societies, Jaki notes, the boundaries of thought were established by a cyclical view of human history and the cosmos. Everything was seen as a vast repetitive mill, a notion derived

from observation of the periods of nature. The physical universe was conceived as the abode of volatile deities to whom mankind was subject, discouraging thoughts of human command over natural forces.

With the advent of Western theism, however, all this was changed. Instead of the "eternal return," there was the creation *ex nihilo* and the idea of linear history with a beginning, middle, and end (lending itself to the idea of cumulative progress). Instead of subjection to the gods in nature, there was the conviction that nature was God's handiwork, and that man had been given dominion over it. And there was the belief that nature was part of an ordered universe, its principles accessible to the rational intellect.

In these features of Western religious thought, as Jaki spells them out, it is relatively easy to see the points of connection with modern science. These have been obscured, however, by the way we have been taught our intellectual history, from the time of the Enlightenment, suggesting that scientific and other progress results from discarding the religious traditions of our society. Father Jaki does a masterly job of dissecting the errors in this perspective.

ALL OF THIS may seem a bit remote from the concerns of the everyday American, but it has intensely practical consequences. The most obvious of these is that, to the degree that we abandon our religious heritage, we seem to lose our grip on science as well. Witness the recent rise of almost neo-pagan nature worship in the "environmental" movement, and the resulting fierce hostility to the idea of scientific and technological progress.

It is widely understood that the decline of religious faith has had serious negative consequences for our society in terms of order, authority, and personal freedom. Now, on Father Jaki's argument, it is having deleterious material consequences as well. □

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Personal

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Miscellaneous

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

M[atthew] BAIGELL:

Thomas Hart Benton

He was saddened to realize that the country was . . . "in deep trouble." At a time when people have grown cynical, when their experience no longer seems to coincide with the American mythos, when events do not mesh with the American dream, Benton reminds us of our hopes for this land.

Vice Presidential Chitchat

On
The Right

New York, May 31—A recent conversation with three experienced political analysts, all of them conservative, focused on the question of Mr. Reagan's running-mate. Paul Weyrich, the bright young president of the National Committee for a Free Congress, has a bizarre suggestion, verging on quaintness. It is that Mr. Reagan should select a conservative Democrat. Not only could such a move catalyze that geological shift in party affiliation which has been overdue ever since George Wallace missed the historic opportunity to cross the aisle on the day that George McGovern was nominated for President, Weyrich adds that only if Reagan's running-mate were perceived as more dangerous to liberal Democrats than Reagan—only then would a Democratic Congress and Democratic courts behave themselves. The thesis being that a disabled Reagan, yielding power to a conservative Democratic Vice President, would bring on the convulsive end to liberal domination of the Democratic Party. All very interesting, and worth ruminating on: on the other hand, it's not going to happen.

TWENTY YEARS ago, Daniel Mahoney founded the Conservative Party of New York which, in any election reasonably close has, with New York's massive 41 electoral votes, the balance of power. The Conservative Party of New York intends to back Ronald Reagan even if he chooses Bella Abzug as his running-mate: a prudent decision, in my view, since angelism is not the proper pursuit of political parties. On the other hand there is yet another political party in New York, the Pro-Life Party, and it is a single-issue party. This is not the time to discuss the question of single-issue voting (I tend to oppose it); but time to acknowledge that just as in the past some people voted with exclusive reference to how a presidential contender stood on the abolition of slavery, or the prohibition of alcohol, or on full civil rights for blacks, some entirely honorable people propose to vote with primary reference to how a political contender stands on the issue of abortion. Mrs. McCormack, it is supposed,

would stand still for George Bush as vice presidential candidate. But not for Howard Baker. What is the difference in their positions on abortion?

Howard Baker personally opposes abortion (Mahoney points out that everyone running for President personally opposes abortion). On the other hand, Senator Baker has voted every time to make federal funds available for abortions, i.e., in opposition to the Hyde Amendment. And he opposes a constitutional amendment banning abortion.

George Bush also opposes a constitutional amendment banning abortion. However, a single word, casting the sentence into the subjunctive mood, leaves Mrs. McCormack dissatisfied. What George Bush said on the subject of constitutional amendments was, "I think issues of this nature ought to be decided by the people closer to home, rather than the Federal Government; therefore, I could support a constitutional amendment to give the states authority to regulate abortions within these boundaries." *Could* support. *Would* support? It is likely that in the very near future Mr. Bush will be asked to coax the word from the conditional to the declarative. If he's reluctant to do this, he might simply say that the President's position on the matter would bind the Vice President's. To satisfy Mrs. McCormack is not a frivolous political ambition. A projection based on her vote running for Lieutenant Governor in 1978 (130,000 votes) means that Mrs. McCormack might tip the election in New York.

HOW MUCH emphasis should Reagan put on the conciliatory gesture? The seasoned political pro Patrick Buchanan agreed that such a gesture was important provided it didn't go so far as to alienate conservatives. George Bush would appear to be the logical choice here: after all, he was the runner-up in the campaign. Another man who would qualify as validating the ecumenical spirit is Gerald Ford. Would he accept? The conventional wisdom is: No. My own feeling is: Yes, he would accept. The panelists agreed that if the convention were left entirely to its own de-

vices, it would very likely come up with Richard Lugar, senator from Indiana, Rhodes Scholar, rhetorical moderate, conservative practitioner; well-liked, well-respected, unconditionally opposed to abortion. It is well worth thinking about. □

BALLOON FLOATING

New York, May 26
—Presidential candidates who want to

float proposals are necessarily inhibited by their probable political impact. Even if one knows that a particular man, serving, let us say, as President, or as governor, will tend to examine a proposal's intrinsic merits without reflection on their political effect, the chances are that that man became governor, or President, in part because an internal Early Warning System operates, day and night, to guide him. It is sometimes useful, if the idea is adventurous, to get someone else to come out with it. This is what they call a trial balloon. Without having consulted anyone currently running for President, herewith a trial balloon.

We're spending at the current rate about \$90 billion for foreign oil. This is about 10 per cent of the value of all the securities traded on the stock exchange. Over half of that money is going to what we call the Persian Gulf states, plus Libya and Algeria.

Now, we need to protect the sovereignty of the Persian Gulf, and the Persian Gulf needs us to protect its sovereignty. The trouble is, we are in no position to protect that sovereignty, because a) we have no bases in the area, and b) we haven't enough men and material.

The time is overdue to share the cost of the common defense, and no arrangement is more poetic than to share the cost with those countries engaged in gouging us and the rest of the world. Since what we have here is a diplomatic problem, we might agree to use a word other than "gouging," though someone with a larger inventory of euphemisms than I possess will have to be consulted here.

The presidential candidate would say something along the following lines: "It is vital that we engage in intensive activity designed to protect the oil supplies in the Persian Gulf, which means also protecting the sovereignty of those countries surrounding the area. Although by no means should we omit from consideration such robust suppliers as Iraq (\$770 million), Kuwait (\$55 million), Qatar (\$277 million), the Emirates (\$1.9 billion), and Oman (\$249 million), let us agree that Saudi Arabia (\$14.5 billion) would serve as spokesman for the group.

"Our relations with the Saudis are based on the strategic interests of both of our countries. The wealth the producing states are amassing will be of little use to them if their governments are subverted. And the reserves of oil on which they sit will be of little use to the industrial powers if they are transformed into a political, or even paramilitary, weapon by the Soviet Union, which is as capable of proclaiming that the liberation elements of Saudi Arabia have asked for Soviet assistance as it was of saying the same thing about Afghanistan.

"I shall propose a consortium, headed by Saudi Arabia, of Persian Gulf powers from whom we would expect an annual contribution of \$10 billion toward the maintenance of suitable bases in the area.

"I shall also propose to our allies in Europe that a Mediterranean consortium be established, centering on Algeria, with Libya as its principal partner and with possible ties to Nigeria. Those states need the presence of an allied fleet in the Mediterranean, and an appropriate royalty payment per barrel sold might be an approach to a sharing of the defense burden. Libya might decline to see the advantages in such an arrangement, in which case we shall have to demonstrate those advantages." (Here the presidential candidate should pause, look down at the press section, wink, and mutter, "The Aesopian mode goes well in Arabian cultures." The press might not wink back, but its jaw could certainly be counted on to drop.)

"In short, ladies and gentlemen, the day has come when the United States, given its multifarious obligations, cannot pay the cost of keeping the peace out of its loose change. We need to share the burden. But with the burden comes—the only guarantee of the survival of national sovereignty."

I swear, I'd vote for that man. He looks you straight in the eye when he talks, and his thinking is pure as spring water. □

FATHER DRINAN BOWS OUT

ert F. Drinan to withdraw from Congress was clumsy. Most conspicuously unfortunate was the smell of a bill of attainder. It was a single priest, engaged in a discrete re-election campaign, who was told to withdraw. The resulting picture was that of a Polish pope, living in Rome, traveling in Africa, reaching into the politics of Boston, Massachusetts to tell the people there, in effect, whom they could not send to Congress. The diplomacy of the episode was inept. And the pity of it is that the Pope's general position is eminently defensible.

SIX YEARS before the present Pope was elected, a bishops' synod was held in Rome. It declared (in 1971): "Leadership or active militancy on behalf of any political party is to be excluded by every priest unless, in concrete and exceptional circumstances, this is truly required for the good of the community and receives the permission of the bishop after consultation with the priest's council."

We know that Father Drinan received, in 1970 and every two years after that, the permission of the superior of his order to run for Congress. Presumably his superior, to the extent that the canon law or the protocols required, checked with the relevant official in the Vatican, meeting with no objection. It is being said that the new Pope is less permissive than the old Pope, and this could appear to be the case. But it does not follow, in the clergy any more than in the military, that permissiveness is necessarily desirable. The authority of the pope over the clergy is not enforceable by any civil sanction. Father Drinan is as free as Father Berrigan was to defy the Pope. What he is not free to do is simultaneously to defy the Pope and to claim the privileges of the priesthood.

Father Hans Küng recently found that he was not free to preach a theology alien to the doctrinal commitments of Catholicism and do so under specifically Catholic auspices. In short it is not unreasonable that policy respecting the activities of the clergy should be vested in an authority, which authority is recognized by the man who freely takes vows of obedience at the time he receives Holy Orders. It has not been widely remarked by the press that Jesuits, in addition to the conventional oaths of fidelity at the time they are ordained, traditionally take an extra vow

New York, May 22— Everything about the Vatican's order issued to the Reverend Rob-

—of personal loyalty to the Bishop of Rome.

So that, examining the Drinan case, we see that the existing Pope was merely applying the strictures of the bishops' synod. He was saying, in effect, that he did not descry, in Boston, Massachusetts, those "concrete and exceptional circumstances" that argue for waiving the general restriction against "active militancy on behalf of any political party." It is difficult to quarrel with that position. Boston, Massachusetts can be held, by thoughtful people, to be in a bad, bad way: but not in circumstances so strained as to constitute a case for immunity from the bishops' synod. There are any number of other men and women in Father Drinan's district as capable as he of rote liberalism. And Father Drinan is perfectly free to continue to proselytize his political positions as, indeed, he did with considerable vigor during the 14 years he served as dean of the Law School of Boston College. In other words, the bishops' general bias against service in political parties, if it is defensible at all, logically applies to Father Drinan.

As to whether it is itself defensible, here is one dedicated vote in favor of it. There are enough political quarrels within the clergy, in all the faiths, without encouraging a laicization of priestly political activity. The principal objection to priests' running for office is that they are, in the nature of the situation, tempted to make themselves appealing to secular constituencies. Thus, for instance, Father Drinan voted in favor of federal funds for abortion— notwithstanding that abortion, by the teaching of his church, is a mortal sin. But to have complied with the doctrinal commandments of his church would have threatened his appeal in his own district; and you find, here, a clear conflict of interest; such conflict of interest as led the bishops to stress, in 1971, the undesirability of "active militancy" on behalf of political parties.

Still and all, it would have been more prudent for the Vatican to have said that effective (let us say) in 1985, all priests serving political parties should conclude arrangements to withdraw from their official responsibilities. In that way the retreat from public life by Father Drinan might have been done with greater aplomb. As it is, he has borne his cross with grace, reminding his constituents that, notwithstanding the many temptations of this world, his hierarchy of loyalties survives. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

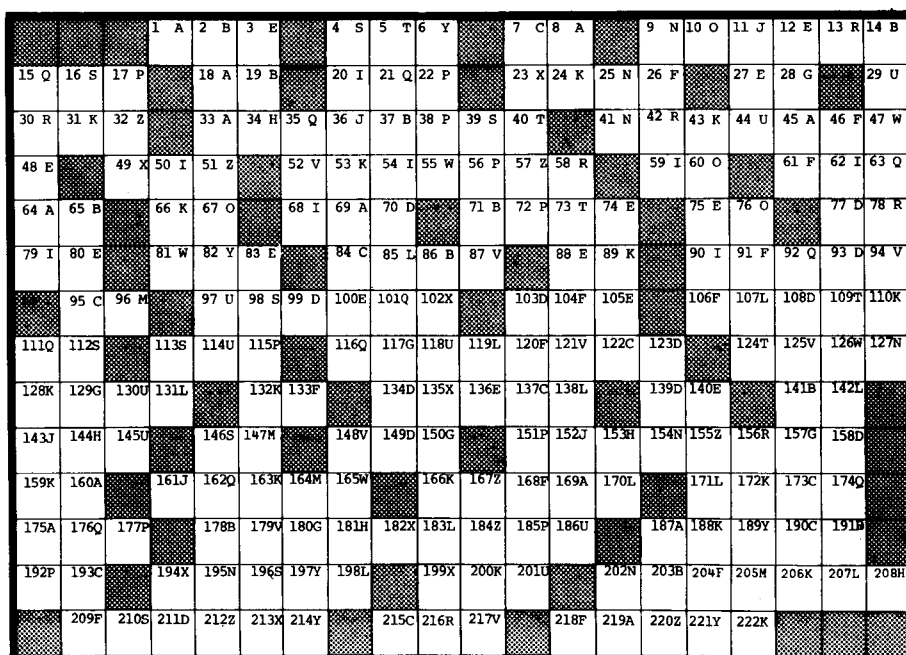
DEFINITIONS

A. Athlete who picks up hundreds of dollars by picking up hundreds of pounds	1 8 18 33 69 45 169 175 160 187 219 64	L. What some restaurant employees are	198 85 170 107 171 183 207 119 131 138 142
B. A soldier who sometimes suffers from sore feet	14 19 86 2 191 37 71 65 178 141 203	M. An island where one of Sherlock Holmes' unrecorded adventures took place	205 96 147 164
C. Women and children are first in these manned vessels	84 190 193 137 7 95 215 173 122	N. Horsemen	9 154 41 202 195 127 25
D. A skilled marksman	93 99 103 108 134 123 149 139 77 158 70 211	O. A dandy	67 10 60 76
E. A place where military supplies are made	75 3 105 83 27 48 12 100 136 88 140 74 80	P. Visionaries	72 17 38 22 185 192 151 56 115 177
F. This sounds like airplane trips taken by King Arthur's men	104 46 61 91 106 133 120 168 204 209 218 26	Q. Excessively excited	63 15 35 101 21 116 92 162 111 174
G. The descendants of publishers?	129 28 157 117 150 180	R. A newborn baby	78 13 42 216 30 58 156 176
H. Surname of two German painters (bros.) (1798-1876, 1806-1886)	144 153 208 181 34	S. Palatable	98 146 196 113 112 39 210 4 16
I. To choke	20 50 54 59 68 90 62 79	T. English Antarctic explorer (1880-1912)	109 5 40 124 73
J. A cardinal who was involved in the affair of the diamond necklace, in France (fol. de)	152 143 161 36 11	U. A town in Dade County, Fla.	114 97 29 145 130 118 186 44 201
K. Lincoln could have seen this play in Chicago on the day he was nominated for President there	159 53 89 66 163 166 188 206 43 24 31 128 132 110 222 172 200	V. To accelerate	121 125 52 87 217 179 148 94
		W. A hangman's halter	165 47 81 55 126
		X. A vessel placed among disturbances will create a plurality of vessels	182 135 23 194 213 199 49 102
		Y. A tributary of the Tweed, 14 mi. long	6 189 214 221 197 82
		Z. Oscillates	167 57 184 212 220 155 51 32

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 799 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.





MILLIKEN CREATES THE IMAGE.

Don't think that a machine can
be an artist.

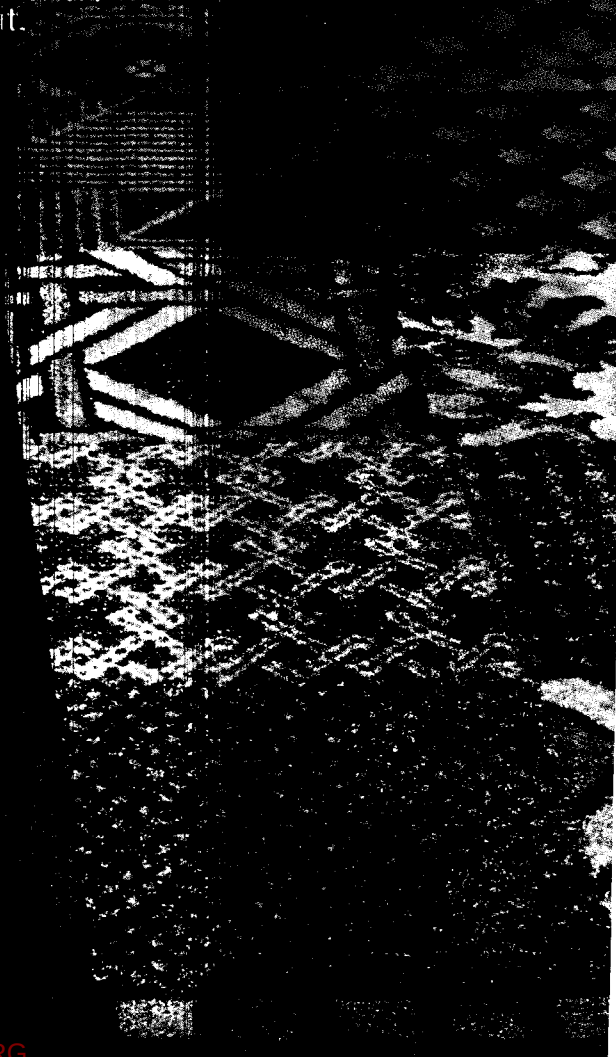
And we have proof.
It's called the Millitron™. It
turns art into carpet. And for the
past 15 years, it's been producing a run-
ning total of up to 519 patterned carpets.
No matter how complex, no matter how
bold, no matter how subtle, no matter how
bold. The patterns are clean and

with pinpoint definition.

No matter what fiber is being used.

And since the Millitron is computer-
controlled, it can change from one pat-
tern to another in a matter of seconds. So
whichever pattern you order, you can be
certain that it will be readily available.

The Millitron art exhibit is now on dis-
play. You can see it at your Milliken
dealer. And remember, whatever image
you want on your floors, Milliken will
create it.





WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

Need some help?

Then consider the following:

The car you're looking at has a CIS fuel-injected engine that can take you from 0 to 50 in 8.5 seconds.

And power-assisted disc drum brakes that can take you from 50 to 0 in less than three.

It has 4-wheel independent suspension to keep you from going like this on bad roads.

And front-wheel drive to give you responsive handling even in bad weather.

In back, there's a trunk so large it can hold six suitcases.

All standing up.

And inside, there's room enough for a family of four.

Got it yet?

Well, maybe it would help to know that for all its impressive performance on the road, this car still turns in a pretty spectacular performance at the gas pump.

It gets an EPA estimated [25] mpg, 40 mpg estimated highway. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

You still don't know?

Then we should probably mention one last thing.

This car doesn't look like what it is, and most people have a hard time guessing.

So why don't we just tell you.

We call it the Jetta.

Of course, Autoweek had a different name for it.

They called it, "another winner from Volkswagen."

THINK AGAIN.